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## THE "PRINCE CONSORT."

THE ancient and universal custom of observing anniversaries has a root so deep in the instincts of mankind, that it needs no vindication or excuse. Wherever men have learnt to divide the flight of time into years and months and days, and to put a mark of recognition on each recurring period, it has been their wont to keep the memory of signal events fresh and green, by setting apart for the contemplation of them that day in the calendar when they happened, or are presumed to have happened. There have always been anniversaries the observance of which belongs to a whole people; and there have been others, again, which have no existence except for small circles of individuals, or which, it may be, strike the chords of a single breast alone. The anniversaries that nations love to keep are seldom other than days of joy and gratulation. Days which have been marked by national calamities,—by defeat in battle or by the deaths of great men,—pass by unheeded, while an annual display of flags and fireworks serves for a remembrancer of national victories and the birthdays of members of the reigning family. The whisper of "Le Roi est mort" is instantly drowned in the shout of "Vive le Roi," and the Sovereign's accession wipes out from the almanac the death of his predecessor. It is not the same, however, with private anniversaries; for the day in the year which comes charged with the deepest meaning and the strongest emotions to a few, or to a solitary individual, is oftener a day of sorrow than of joy. It may be a day which awakens an irrepressible longing for "the touch of a vanish'd hand," and bows down the spirit with the anguish of the thought that all the long days to come can never undo the past, or bring back what has been taken away; and that there is no consolation anywhere save what may be found in the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

The first anniversary of the death of the late Prince Consort has not been suffered by the nation to pass by without raising a fresh burst of feeling for the widowed Queen; and while she lays her husband's remains in their last resting-place, the eyes of her subjects wait upon her in respectful sympathy. The moment is, therefore, opportune for the appearance of a volume\* containing the Prince's public speeches and addresses, together with a memoir, which goes forth into the world not merely with the stamp of the Queen's approbation upon it, but to the preparation of which she herself has contributed. "To Her Majesty" the writer of this volume, as he himself says, "is indebted for a view of the Prince's character, in which a loving and profound appreciation is combined with the most earnest desire for exact truth and faithfulness. There is not any one who could have been cognizant of the various traits of the Prince enumerated in this Introduction, unless he had been instructed by her who alone saw, with the full light of a complete affection, into

the whole beauty and merit of the character of this remarkable man."

There is too much truth in the saying that while virtue is safe and sound among us, we do not care for it, or we even dislike it, and that not till it is taken away from us, do we value it at its real worth; and it must ever be a source of regret to this generation that there were occasions in the Prince's brief career when his character and his intentions were misunderstood. Our insular dislike of foreigners, and our jealousy of court intrigues and "back-stairs" influence, made us keep a close and narrow watch upon all the words and actions of a German Prince armed with the great and irresponsible power that cannot be separated from the position of the Consort of a reigning Sovereign. And it will hardly be denied that an excusable vigilance sometimes degenerated into unjust suspicions. But we may console ourselves with the reflection that in the main, and especially during the latter part of his life, the Prince's great qualities were recognized and appreciated by the whole nation. By a life of unsurpassed purity in his home, and of the most enlightened activity out-of-doors, he had lived down a world of prejudice and suspicion. To most of the rare qualities, whether of heart or mind, which are dwelt upon in the recently published memoir of the Prince, justice has already been done by the public; and now to what was wanting in our knowledge of his inner and more secret virtues, a contribution is given by the testimony of her to whom alone they could be known in their fulness. That he abhorred vice from the bottom of his soul, and that he was wont to feel depressed and sad in its presence, can surprise none who knew how blameless was the tenor of his daily life. His public acts alone have taught us that the working-classes had not a better friend in the whole country; and it will now give no little pleasure to the public to be told that all his care and labour for the amelioration of the lot of the poor flowed from the living spring of a deep and hearty love of mankind. "He had the greatest delight," says the writer of the memoir, "in anybody else saying a fine saying, or doing a great deed. He would rejoice over it, and talk about it for days; and whether it was a thing nobly said or done by a little child or by a veteran statesman, it gave him equal pleasure. He delighted in humanity doing well on any occasion, and in any manner."

No part of the volume from which we have quoted will be read with more interest than those pages which relate what passed with respect to a proposal made by the Duke of Wellington, that the Prince should succeed him in the office of Commander-in-Chief. And if anything were needed to enhance the interest of a memorandum drawn up by the Prince on this occasion, it would be found in the motive which has induced the Queen to suffer its publication. While the Prince lived, prudence and delicacy repressed the natural longing of her heart to let her subjects know how much both she and they owed to the wisdom and virtue of her husband; but now that he is gone, never to return, the Queen would have her people learn

\* The Principal Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, with an Introduction, giving some outline of his character. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street, 1862.

how great has been their loss, by setting before them the Prince's lofty conception of his duties, side by side with a proof of the noble spirit in which he fulfilled them. When the office of Adjutant-General had been left vacant by the death of Sir J. Macdonald, in 1850, a suggestion was made to amalgamate the two offices of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General under a single head, who was to be called Chief of the Staff. And though the Duke of Wellington considered this to be a useless and objectionable arrangement, so long as he himself lived, and (in his own words) "did the duty of all the offices himself," he was very anxious to see it adopted, with a view to the Prince's succeeding him in the office of Commander-in-Chief. He was eager to prepare its machinery at once, and he was ready to answer for its success. Though we believe the Duke to have made a mistake in advocating this arrangement, it is impossible not to respect the motives which animated him in his design. In this, as in all things else which came before him as a soldier or a citizen, he obeyed only the dictates of an unswerving sense of duty and of the most scrupulous loyalty. He had through life maintained, both in theory and in practice, the principle that the army should be the Sovereign's army, and should, in truth, take its commands from the Sovereign; and fearing that, after his own death, the principle might be weakened in practice from the fact of the Sovereign being a woman, when some man less jealous than himself for the prerogative of the Crown might preside at the Horse Guards, he sought to avert the danger by making the Consort of the Sovereign the titular head of the army, with a chief of the staff under him, who was to be the real working head, and who should, therefore, be the most eminent soldier in the service. We can hardly doubt that this proposal must have been a tempting one to a man so able and energetic as Prince Albert; and remembering this, it must be universally admitted that he did himself immortal honour by refusing the dignity almost thrust upon him, and still more by the motives and considerations which dictated his refusal. The letter in which he communicated to the Duke his final decision, that "he must discard the tempting idea of being placed in command of the British army," is a most remarkable document. Not merely is it admirable for the exalted spirit of sacrifice and self-abnegation which breathes through every line, but it evinces so perfect an understanding of the working of constitutional government, and of his own difficult position as the Sovereign's Consort, that, as a state paper, it would be worthy of the most experienced and sagacious statesman. In a few words, it paints the ideal of a Prince Consort.

The memorandum and the letter now published derive their especial interest from the fact that they give us a glimpse of what Prince Albert was as a statesman and a politician. What he was as a lover and votary of science and the fine arts, we have long ago learnt from his enlightened patronage of various national institutions, and from the wisdom of the thoughts which were embodied in many of his public addresses. In his position it would have been almost impossible for him to have been an orator, and he had the prudence to refrain from attempting to be one; but in nearly all his speeches we may find the marks of a fine natural understanding, cultivated by patient and conscientious study to its highest capabilities. No man was less of a dilettante. He hated what was superficial, and spared himself no toil to become a master of whatever he undertook; and such was the pleasure that he drew from things intellectual, that to him, as he once said to the Queen herself, "a long, closely-connected train of reasoning is like a beautiful strain of music. You can hardly imagine my delight in it." Long years, however, must pass away before the world will be able to form an adequate conception of the part that he took in public affairs, and of the weight which his voice had in the councils of the Sovereign and her advisers. So scrupulously did he conform himself to the spirit and practice of the constitution, and so entirely did "he sink his own individual existence in that of his wife," that his own political opinions and predilections were ever kept out of sight. And though we are thus left without the materials to measure him truly as a statesman, day by day the conviction grows that he was among the most purely patriotic and sagacious of the Queen's counsellors. Nor while this conviction gathers strength, can there fail to grow by its side a clearer and deeper perception of the immensity of the loss which his death inflicted upon her, whose devoted husband and loyal subject he was for too brief a term of happy years. The void that his removal from this world has made in the life of the widowed Queen can never be filled; this we may not hope; but in so far as the attachment and sympathy of a great people may supply the lost support of one priceless companion, these will never be wanting to her, in the most abundant measure, as she treads alone the lofty but "desolate and sombre way before her."

#### THE CESSION OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IT has been stated by the semi-official journals, probably on sufficient authority, that the English Government have made up their minds to propose the cession of the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands to the sovereignty of Greece. For our part, we are prepared to receive

the announcement with unmixed satisfaction. We believe that such a cession will prove to be an act of the highest wisdom and policy. Probably no Minister, except Lord Palmerston, could have ventured upon an act at once so bold and at the same time so prudent. The Greek Revolution has offered an occasion which more timid statesmen might have feared to seize, of extricating the country from the embarrassments of a false position. Of all the mistakes which were made in the remodelling of Europe, next, perhaps, to the Austrian occupation of Italy, the Septinsular Protectorate was the greatest. Having undertaken the task, however, it was clearly the duty of Great Britain to discharge it to the best of her ability. A function of this kind, assumed at the request of Europe, was not to be thrown up in a pet, or in deference to the menaces of a handful of noisy demagogues. We firmly believe that the duty of England towards the people of the Ionian Islands has been honourably and firmly performed. We have certainly given them a far better Government than they could have procured for themselves, and one, perhaps, not less good than any they are likely to acquire in exchange for it. Nevertheless, the task was an ungrateful one, and the advantages which we had ourselves to gain from it were certainly not commensurate with the annoyance and expense which it entailed. We are not disposed to admit the view, that a Government is at liberty to abandon a dependency to its fate, simply because the mother-country does not find it convenient or profitable to sustain the charge of its support. But, certainly, when the dependency itself proclaims its eagerness for emancipation, the protecting State must be allowed to be at liberty to consult its own advantage.

Great Britain has nothing whatever to gain from the retention of the Ionian Islands. In peace they are a prolific source of expenditure, and in war they are a perpetual cause of anxiety. As long as we are their nominal protectors we are bound to defend them, whatever may be the difficulty or the cost. As a colonial possession for purposes of trade they are comparatively worthless; for military objects they are a good deal worse than useless. For the purpose of the command of the Mediterranean,—which, as long as we retain our Indian possessions, must always be a matter of first-rate importance,—the great object should be the concentration and not the dispersion of our military and naval forces. Malta is the natural centre to which the English fleet should rally. The necessity, in the case of war, of keeping an army and a fleet at Corfu, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. The French are in a stage of policy on this subject, which we have passed through and happily outlived. There was a time when English Governments used to wage what were contemptuously called "wars of sugar islands," and when it was considered the height of sagacity to dot about the world little establishments, which were difficult to maintain and useless when secured. The French are pursuing the same sort of game in Algiers and Mexico, and would fain extend the experiment to Syria and Egypt. For our part, we are far from wishing to discourage them in such a policy. Each fresh military settlement of this kind is a fresh security for peace, inasmuch as it creates for the country which has embarked in it a new danger in war. In the case of a war in the Mediterranean, the possession of Algiers would have the effect of neutralizing a French army of probably not less than 100,000 men. If the Government of France should make a permanent settlement in Mexico, that distant occupation would require at least an equal sacrifice. The secret of a war as of a battle is the power of concentration on a given point. To the French the acquisition of new transmarine possessions is a sensation which has the charm of novelty, and pleases like a new toy. England is happily *blasé* of this emotion, and can afford philosophically to pursue a sounder policy. A concentrated fleet operating from Malta is the essential requisite for the command of the road to India. We confess we trouble ourselves very little about the projects which are from time to time rumoured as to the designs of other nations on the seaboard of the Mediterranean. The whole question is capable of being reduced into a very simple dilemma. If we have the naval command of the sea, the seaboard will be at our mercy. If we have not the naval command of the sea, it signifies very little in whose hands the seaboard may be. It is this command which it is above all things essential to secure, and it is by a concentration on Malta that it is to be effected. The subject of regret is not that we should be about to abandon Corfu, but that we should have already bestowed upon it an expenditure which would have been much more profitably devoted to Malta.

So much for the military aspect of the question. In its moral and political bearings, the projected cession seems to us still more deserving of our commendation. We are told that when the news reached America that France had proposed to England an intervention, and that it was England which had discouraged the project, the public writers and speakers of New York and Washington were absolutely dumbfounded. The whole transaction was so entirely opposed to their preconceived ideas, and was so completely contrary to the bias which they had been in the habit of attributing to the policy of the respective governments, that they were wholly at a loss how to deal with the surprise. We suspect that the surrender of the Ionian

islands to Greece will prepare a somewhat similar surprise for the European publicists. Every one knows the continental conception of England and her policy. The conventional type, which is eternally reproduced, is as fixed as that of Guy Faux or Pulcinello. To them *la perfide Albion* is a sort of political ogre, dwelling in its insular cavern, meditating every sort of violence, tyranny, and fraud against the whole human race. She is the incarnation of jealousy, selfishness, avarice, deceit, and oppression. She foments revolutions in order to destroy rival trades. She emancipates her slaves only to injure the commerce of her neighbours, whilst she oppresses the Hindoos and the Irish for her own gratification. She is perpetually grasping at fresh territory, and intriguing to extend her dominion. France must ever be on the alert, lest England should snatch a footing on a sunken rock in the Red Sea, or establish a corporal's guard in the Sandwich Islands. On the other hand we are invited to admire the magnanimous disinterestedness of "*la grande nation*." It is she alone who may be at war for an idea. Selfishness, ambition, and rapacity, find no entrance into her counsels. She is content to be at the head of the march of civilization. For herself she asks nothing but that reward which conscious virtue allots in Italy. Algiers, Rome, Savoy, and Mexico, testify to her ungrasping disinterestedness. We know all this by heart; it is the very A B C of continental journalism and continental statecraft. It is as much *de rigueur* as the vituperation of Great Britain in the American press. We shall be a little amused to see how the cession of the Ionian Islands will be made to square with the accepted theory. How will this very unusual and unlooked-for behaviour on the part of the ogre be accounted for? We do our neighbours the justice to feel confident that their ingenuity will not be wanting to the occasion. They will, no doubt, devise some perfectly satisfactory theory by which this new development of the perfidy and selfishness of Albion will be held up to the execration of mankind. They will, no doubt, discover in this voluntary cession some lurking fraud, just as, in the case of the emancipation of the West-Indian negroes, they detected an iniquitous plot. They will demonstrate, completely to their own satisfaction, that, while the "cribbing" of Savoy and the frauds by which it was accomplished were among the highest achievements of human generosity and disinterestedness, proving, for the thousandth time, the great ideas by which France is for ever actuated, the cession of the Ionian Islands is a fresh instance of the selfish intrigue and unprincipled rapacity which are the governing principles of English policy.

For our part, we are disposed to think that there is only one party who will have really anything to regret in the transaction, and that is, the ceded provinces themselves. Like the Italian husbandmen, they would be only too happy if they knew their own good. To them seem especially applicable the lines from the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*:"—

"How nations sink by clashing schemes oppressed,  
Where vengeance listens to the fool's request."

The *Dii faciles* have already granted their fatal prayer, and they are condemned to the fate they have desired. Perhaps, when English gold ceases to flow into their coffers, when they are called upon to enjoy their liberty in their own wilderness, and to bear their own burthen, they will begin to sigh after the flesh-pots of Egypt. It may be so, but it has come upon them *optantibus ipsis*. If they find they don't like making their own roads, paying their own taxes, fighting their own battles, and defending their own shores, it is their concern, not ours. There is still one chance left for them against the fulfilment of their own aspirations. England cannot abandon the Protectorate of the islands without the consent of all the European Powers, by whom they were confided to her. It is more than possible that Austria, which has so strong an interest in the neutrality of the Adriatic, may not be very well pleased to see the access to Trieste passing into the hands of a feeble power, which would not be able to hold it against her most probable enemy. She might possibly prefer to see Corfu safe in the hands of the English, rather than abandoned to the navy of France. We trust, however, that such an obstacle may not present an insuperable difficulty in the way of a consummation, which in this country seems to be most desirable.

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

ANXIOUSLY as the American President's Message was looked for, it must be admitted that neither in this country nor in America has it excited any great amount of interest. The reason is not difficult to discover. Whilst every mind on both sides of the Atlantic is absorbed in a gigantic war, the chief topic discussed by the President is a plan for the emancipation of the slaves. The elaborate discussion of it at such a time as the present and in such a document as the President's Message, certainly shows one thing, that, in the opinion of the Government of Washington at least, the slave question lies at the root of the present war. As the President says, quoting from his own Inaugural Address, "one section of our country believes that slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes that it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This

is the only substantial dispute." It has constantly been said in this country that slavery has nothing to do with the present struggle. Most of the daily, weekly, and quarterly journals seem to assume this as an axiom, and many of them refuse even to discuss or refute the elaborate proofs furnished both by English and French writers that this axiom is without foundation. It is not, perhaps, to be expected that the assertion of the American President will be sufficient to alter opinions formed against the most conclusive evidence. In the present temper of the public mind it is, perhaps, idle even to make the attempt. The fact must be acknowledged that, although the British Government has maintained the strictest neutrality, the vast majority of Englishmen sympathize with the South. This feeling of sympathy will never suffer a change until the people of this country are brought to the conviction that slavery is at the root of the American dispute. To this end all that can be done is to demand a calm consideration of the facts of this case as they are stated in such a book as that of Professor Cairnes, and the views set forth in Mr. Lincoln's Message.

It is somewhat surprising that the President should have occupied so much space in discussing a plan for emancipation. It seems just as futile as the discussion which lately occupied European diplomatists upon the subject of mediation. The one is as impracticable as the other. Mr. Cobden has truly said that the North and South are like two mad dogs; and it is universally admitted that, under such circumstances, to get men exasperated by a deadly conflict to refer their difference to arbitration is simply impossible. The scheme of emancipation proposed by Mr. Lincoln assumes that the Slave States must co-operate with the North in carrying it into effect. The States now in rebellion must, by large majorities in their several legislatures, express their readiness to accept the terms offered by President Lincoln. No doubt, if these rebellious States were as much impressed as Mr. Lincoln is with the paramount necessity of reunion,—if their object was not to establish an independent confederacy, but to restore things to their former condition, the plan propounded has much to recommend it, and would certainly accomplish the object contemplated—the gradual abolition of Slavery. But the actual condition of public opinion in the South, and the history of the last eighteen months, render it impossible to get a plan of emancipation even considered. From the very beginning of the present struggle, and for years before, the South have proclaimed that they ought no longer to live in union with the North—that there are characteristic peculiarities and distinctions which irrevocably separate the two sections from each other—that, in short, the South are determined to set up as a new and independent State. Instead of Union the South desire Disunion. Instead of free labour, they prefer slave labour. To enforce their views the South concocted a gigantic conspiracy—broke the most solemn promises publicly made—have armed and equipped enormous armies, sparing neither blood nor treasure—and have displayed a power and resolution in wielding their resources which have surprised the world. In short, if ever there was a case in which the only arbitrament left was the sword, it is this dispute between the two great sections of the American republic. As yet, neither side has obtained any signal victory. The battle is still doubtful. If the North are to succeed, it can only be by sacrifices even greater than those which they have yet made; if the South are to succeed they must submit to the same ordeal. At such a moment it is surely singular to find the President of the Northern section solemnly proposing a plan of slave emancipation to the Southern section, for the adoption of which the cordial cooperation of that section is absolutely required. To suppose that the practical politicians of Europe or of America would bestow any attention upon discussing such a scheme, is to suppose that the members of the House of Commons would continue listening to Mr. Gladstone in one of his most impassioned moments, if it were announced that Westminster Palace was in flames, or that a French Marshal, with 40,000 men, was at the gates. Whatever may be the merit of President Lincoln's scheme, this is not the time to discuss it, and therefore there need be no surprise that a Message, more than the half of which is occupied in discussing it, has excited so little public interest.

At the same time, it must be allowed that there is a positive advantage in the President having proposed some scheme of emancipation, even although it may not be discussed immediately. It furnishes conclusive evidence that the North recognize the necessity of providing some compensation for slave property, provided the proprietors are willing to return to the Union. It disproves the common allegation, that the North would be willing to receive back the South on any terms, or that they are utterly indifferent to the fate of the slaves. In short, it puts upon record the views of the present government at Washington on this great and vital question. Objections, indeed, have been made to the Message in America, on the ground that, whereas it ought to have contained some history of the war, and some defence of the manner in which it has been conducted—all allusion to these subjects has been omitted. But, no doubt, the President thought that the public were already in possession of the leading events which have taken place, and that any recital of them by him would have been not only tedious, but unne-

cessary. It must be remembered that, at the present moment, various courts of inquiry are sitting, the objects of which are to ascertain the truth of some serious charges made against officers engaged in the important and sometimes disastrous operations which have taken place. And it is obvious that if President Lincoln had entered upon such subjects, he must have revealed facts which have hitherto been concealed from the public eye; or possibly anticipated the judgment of the tribunals to which such questions properly belong. It appears, therefore, to us that the omissions complained of were probably made designedly, and that in following this course the President acted with becoming discretion. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the absence of such topics furnishes an additional explanation of the want of interest felt in President Lincoln's Message.

#### MR. COBDEN AT MIDHURST.

MIDHURST, though "out of the world and inaccessible," is certainly not in Wessex. The inhabitants of that benighted province, if we may judge from the writers who date thence, are too well satisfied with the little they know of neighbouring provinces to trouble themselves with asking for further information. A want of curiosity is the mark of a backward population. Enough for them that they know what happens in their own hamlet or parish, and this little experience is their only guide in judging of the events in the world outside them. Thus the leaders of opinion in Wessex judge of the distress in Lancashire. But the inhabitants of West Sussex do not share in this contented ignorance. The people of Midhurst are fortunate enough to have a prophet dwelling among them, and they have the rarer fortune to have sufficient insight to recognize the fact and to go and inquire of him. To this laudable spirit of curiosity, we are indebted for the most admirable exposition of the condition and prospects of Lancashire which the present crisis has yet called forth. Mr. Cobden has thrown out a novel suggestion for the consideration of the Geographical Society. The travellers who are now engaged in exploring the regions of Central Africa, or those who have lately taken advantage of the opening of China, and passed the great wall and crossed the desert of Kobi, may, it appears, find useful work nearer home. The North and South in this country, as in some other countries, do not very well understand each other, and this mutual knowledge is at least as important as an acquaintance with African tribes or hordes of roving Tartars. Mr. Cobden presented himself to his countrymen in the South, in the character of a traveller who had lived long enough in the North, to make himself intimately acquainted with its habits and modes of life, which were strange, and almost foreign, to those among whom he was born.

It is worthy of note, that among all the misconceptions that have prevailed regarding the conduct of the various classes affected by the Lancashire distress, there has never been any difference of opinion as to the behaviour of the working classes. The spectacle of so much suffering borne with so much patience has been everywhere a theme of admiration. But it is highly remarkable that people have been slow in drawing the natural inference from this contentment on the part of the working classes. The attack made upon the masters was never echoed by the men. Why? Simply because they were better informed than the leaders of opinion in Wessex and elsewhere, who ignorantly made rash charges against men who were doing all in their power, and even beyond their power, to meet the calamity that so suddenly visited them. Mr. Cobden brings out the force of this argument with great clearness. The workmen of Lancashire are a self-reliant people, who are accustomed to combine, and have all the means ready at their hands for making a demonstration, and letting their discontent be known. The machinery which has so often been effectively used for the purpose of strikes could have been put into requisition at a moment's warning, if the workmen had felt that those on the spot were neglecting them, or failing in one jot of their duty. And yet there has been from the beginning of this calamity the most perfect quiescence on the part of the men, and entire satisfaction with the efforts that were made by the masters on their behalf. Moreover, it is certain that this contentment does not arise from ignorance, but is, in fact, the result of an exact comprehension of the position of the masters, and an accurate knowledge of their means of giving assistance. On this point, again, reference must be made to the machinery of strikes. The leaders of those movements were intelligent enough to make an exact calculation of what their masters were making or losing by every pound of yarn or every piece of cotton goods they were selling. There was a regular organization for this very purpose, and by the results of this calculation they were wont to regulate their demand for increase of wages. They knew the price of the raw material at Liverpool and the price of the yarn or cloth at Manchester, and, from their experience of co-operative mills, they were able to tell exactly what their masters were making or losing at any given time. Here, then, are thousands of workmen who have the most accurate comprehension of the position of the masters and of their ability to assist them, and, at the same time, have the readiest means of letting their wishes and feelings be known; moreover, they

are suffering not merely from actual privation, but also from want of occupation and excitement, and still they make no sign. The mills are silent, and so are the men. There is no outbreak or discontent. And yet, in the face of this, the leaders of opinion in Wessex, who think they know the affairs of these hard-headed workmen of the North better than they do themselves, would have us believe that in this terrible crisis the masters are flinching from their duty. Truly, they are blind leaders of the blind.

This insensate cry from Wessex has, however, now been silenced, and it is now everywhere admitted that all classes in Lancashire, landowners and mill-owners, as well as the working men, have done their duty. But there are many other misconceptions prevailing on the subject of the cotton industry, which Mr. Cobden laboured successfully to remove. It is sometimes supposed that its development has been sudden and abnormal, that it rests on no solid foundation, and is not a natural state of things. Mr. Cobden showed that the growth of population and capital had been steady and regular, and was the consequence of the frugality and economy of the vast number of persons engaged in it, who, as a rule, lived on half their incomes, and invested their savings in the extension of the buildings and machinery devoted to the manufacture. And little fault can be found with the basis on which a great industry rests, of which it can be said that it "supplied clothing in the greatest possible abundance and at the cheapest possible rate, of any clothing which was ever manufactured for the use of mankind." The picture which Mr. Cobden presents of the persons engaged in directing this gigantic industry is very different from that which generally prevails. A cotton manufacturer is, in common parlance, a cotton lord; a millowner suggests a millionaire; and that there are a few such Mr. Cobden does not deny. But with the mass it is different. As a rule, more than two-thirds, and sometimes three-fourths of their capital is invested in buildings and machinery. And here is the picture of their daily life! "They follow precisely the hours and habits which their workmen do in their modes of life. They are always at the mill, and they know every strap, every spindle, and every movement." And the enormous profits of which we so often hear appear to have as little foundation as the other charge of enormous wealth. The average rate, at least as appeared by a very extensive inquiry made at the time of the negotiation of the French treaty, did not appear to be higher than that of other branches of manufacturing industry. The years immediately preceding the present calamity were undoubtedly years of very high profits; but this very fact had led to a very great, and, perhaps, excessive increase of the fixed capital employed in the cotton manufacture. Thus the present distress had happened at a moment when the millowners were more than usually ill prepared for it.

Mr. Cobden laboured, with success, to convey to his fellow-townsmen an accurate idea of the extent of the loss of wages to the men from the present dearth of cotton, and of the little power that the masters had to meet this loss to any adequate extent. His illustration was so striking, and deserves so well to be pondered, that we make no apology for repeating it here. Let it be remembered that he was speaking in one of the great southern agricultural counties. Figures, when they rise to millions, convey no very precise conceptions. Some term of comparison was required. It would have been to little purpose to repeat the number of men who were out of employment, and to add that, taking the present numbers, the loss of wages in the course of the year would amount to £9,000,000. Taking the census of 1861, and taking out the returns of the agricultural labourers in the eight great southern agricultural counties, and giving to each of these labourers 12s. a week,—a liberality which raised a smile on the face of the farmers present,—Mr. Cobden found that the entire wages of the agricultural population of these counties was somewhat below the present loss of wages in Lancashire. Let it be remembered that the eight counties chosen by Mr. Cobden as a term of comparison, occupy the whole country south of a line joining London with Bristol, the county of Cornwall only excepted. The loss of wages in this single county of Lancashire is equal to what would take place if all the agricultural labourers south of that line were suddenly thrown out of employment. This loss seems gigantic enough when comprised within the limits of a single county, but it appears positively appalling when conceived as extending over so vast an area. To complete the comparison made by Mr. Cobden, another feature must be added to the picture. As a rule, the mill-owners in the North are now without income. Their capital is unproductive. This is literally the case with the most numerous class of the masters, the greater part of whose capital is fixed in buildings and machinery. "Suppose, as a rule, that all the farmers of all these counties, employing this labour, were without income—that their land was struck with sterility—that it produced no crops—that their cattle ceased to multiply—and you have then the condition in which the capitalists owning the cotton-mills, and the manufacturers in Lancashire, are now placed." It is, indeed, in the possible ruin of the small capitalist class among the manufacturers, should the present distress be of long duration, that the greatest danger lies.

In the midst of his admiration of the manner in which both workmen and masters have met this calamity, Mr. Cobden does not forget the spirit in which the whole nation has answered to the call made upon it. If, on the one hand, the operatives were so ignorant of the privileges of "pauperism" that they did not apply for relief till they had, in their own language, begun to eat up their chests of drawers and their Sunday clothes, on the other, the whole people of this country had made a most noble response to the appeal which the spectacle of so much patient and heroic suffering had made for their sympathies and assistance. "It has been," says Mr. Cobden, "an outgushing of generosity, such as I do not believe the whole world could have equalled."

#### PATERFAMILIAS ON TOYS.

It has been sometimes remarked that no two persons in the world are completely agreed as to what is the great question of the day. Perhaps the statement is rather too broadly made to be exactly true; but there are probably very few people who could guess, even approximately, what are the topics upon which there is most difference of opinion among mankind. On some very few points of moral philosophy, which may be counted on the fingers of one hand, the human race is in almost unanimous accordance; on very many the sentiments of the majority completely swamp the dissentient voices of the rest. But if an inhabitant of another sphere were to come to this earth on a statistical commission of inquiry, and had to state in his report what was the question upon which he found the most marked difference of opinion, and the opposite parties most nearly balanced, he would, perhaps, surprise modern Englishmen as much as his own planetary readers by declaring that it is the question whether or not sheep and oxen may be lawfully killed and eaten by mankind. Statistical facts are as prone to deceive as any other unquestionable truths; and the larger the field over which they extend, the greater is the chance of fallacy. It is not true, in all probability, that the end and aim of human existence is in any degree connected with toys, and yet it is certainly the case that more people in the world at this present moment care for play than for either virtue or domestic comfort, or the interests of Church and State. If the proposition that we ought to aim at the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be taken as true in its most naked, literal, narrow, and, therefore untrue sense, without any reservation or explanation, it would follow that, in making a few remarks on the subject of toys, we are discussing the most important topic, and the topic of most absorbing interest to the entire world.

In the first place, it must be confessed that there is at present something very unsatisfactory in the position and prospects of the British toy. It may be an age of shams, or it may not; but the number of barking dogs in the Lowther Arcade, which no more bark than their owners do, is simply appalling. Free trade and unlimited competition have flooded the market with a variety of representatives of Noah, which, for indolent length of coat and utter absence of nose, have no counterpart in the wildest dreams of infancy. It is time that the nation should begin seriously to ask itself, Do dicky-birds stand upon the ground upright, or do they fall forward upon their green beaks from a culpable deficiency in the number of their scarlet claws? Let any one walk down along the counter of a respectable toy-shop, and pinch the cats as he passes: he will hear a series of dismal responses which neither natural history nor any combination of wood and leather seems, in any way, adequate to produce. Nor is it only in an acoustic and symmetrical point of view that these products of German industry fail; the wires disappear from the interior of the guns and the wool comes off the sheep's back far more rapidly than is consistent with the national defences or the progressive improvement of breed. Dolls open and shut their bright blue eyes for some twenty glances of voluptuous rapture, and then close them to be opened on earth no more. Soldiers quit their posts murdered, not from deficiency of valour, but from lack of glue. The fact is, that the playthings of modern times are too slenderly made, and are got up too much with a view to cheapness. It is better, after all, to have one elephant who clings firmly to his trunk than a whole menagerie who scatter their tails about the room. Possibly, if Englishmen made these articles of luxury, they would make them more fit for rough work. Germany seems determined to keep all its solid qualities to itself, and spend none upon its toys.

Let it not be supposed that we wish to advocate indestructibility as a desirable quality in toys. The hands of children were as certainly made to tear out the eyes of their dolls, as, according to Dr. Watts, they were certainly *not* made to tear out one another's. It is as great a mistake to prevent children from pulling their playthings to pieces, as it is to give them things which will fall to pieces of themselves. If a cat or a donkey has in any way misbehaved, it does seem to us a most just and righteous punishment that, for the first offence, it should be deprived of one of its legs, and for the second of all the rest. If a child positively declares that its earthly happiness depends upon its finding out where the noise in the drum comes from, we shall not churlishly refuse to let it investigate the mystery. As a matter of fact, a very small portion of the pleasure that a child finds in a toy is derived from the mere contemplation of it. It must be put through its paces; exhibited in the many aspects familiar to the nursery and schoolroom; it must learn its lessons, take its meals, sleep, wake, govern, obey, draw carts, ride in carriages; above all, it must be familiarly known. A favourite donkey

should have no reticence or unkind concealment about it. If its owner happens to take a particular interest in ascertaining how its tail is fastened on, it must be ready to bear the sacrifice of that useful appendage in the sacred cause of friendship. Even the flaxen-haired angel, from whose once rosy cheeks the paint was licked off in loving caresses but yesterday, must hold her limbs by a kind of feudal tenure, and must cheerfully surrender the tasteful delicacy of her nose, or the subtle mobility of her arms, to the exigencies of her generally indulgent but sometimes speculative mistress.

It cannot be too constantly recollected that toys supply the work as much as the play of the child's life. They are his real scientific training, the only material upon which his ingenuity can exert itself, the sole outlet for whatever powers of analysis and investigation nature has given him. Idleness is unnatural, and some beneficent providence finds even mischief, it may be, for idle hands to do. Give a child no food for its mental appetites, and nature drives him to seek for it wherever it may be found. Give him something to employ himself upon, and what is given him for play he will himself turn into work. Poor children have their mud pies, and the rich have the glittering treasures which adorned the toy-trophy at the Exhibition; but the real pleasure that comes to each is not due to the gaudy outside so much as to the capacity for manifold use. A piece of unintelligible machinery, however beautiful, gives but little satisfaction when once the first wonder has abated. It is as true of the child as of the man, that to admire thoroughly it is necessary first to understand. Compare the delight of a toy-gun from a shop and a weapon manufactured by the light of nature from a bit of wood and a morsel of watch-spring! The one shoots accurately, and, barring accidents, conveniently; the other misses fire oftener than not, and breaks down at every second discharge. But in the one there is the mere pleasure of artillery practice, which palls even on the enthusiastic gunner; the other has all the joy of authorship, the pride of difficulties overcome and results fairly worked out. "Philosophy in sport made Science in earnest," was the title of a book which, a few years ago, rejoiced the hearts of countless youths, by suggesting new experiences of the kind. Let work be work, and let play be play, was the objection that was often raised against it. The pleasure of toys, it was said, ought not to be marred by science. Such an argument entirely neglected the fact that an element of science enters into the best of amusements, and that to work at play, so to speak, is the very way to enjoy it. That elasticity and activity in youthful minds, for which no system of education can make too great an allowance, will not be content to leave the more intellectual powers to slumber, during hour after hour of amusement. So far from spoiling sport, an element of science adds zest to it; and, provided the lesson is not forced too obviously upon the attention, there is no time at which it will be more readily accepted than when it comes in the form of a plaything or a game. We speak as to wise children; let them judge what we say. Is there any moment in the life of a young gentleman more pregnant with profound satisfaction than that at which he has first succeeded in burning a match in the glorifying flame of oxygen, made by the work of his very hands? Does the pleasure of flying a kite increase or diminish with the idea that, under some unknown circumstances, from some mysterious reasons, it may possibly turn into a lightning conductor?

As the mind educates itself in its toys, so it embodies itself in them again. There is no mistaking the nationality of each separate article on the counter of a toyshop; Germany brings skill and industry to bear on its productions; France has the best colour and the best varnish; England delights in all that is big, and in nearly all that is substantial. We get our dolls from Paris and our rocking-horses from native timber; teacups and baby-houses and swords, and the thousand useless encumbrances of the nursery, are imported by the ton from Hamburg. The trade will not languish as long as the extraordinary cheapness of the German toys continues. But when we consider their frailty, we rejoice that the British infant will not be wholly content with gimcracks. There is one genus of plaything which will never fail to amuse, and which in its best forms is of pure home growth. It is a remarkable fact that almost every game which English boys have been found to adopt with vigour and perseverance depends upon the use of a ball. So universally is this the case, that the transition to foreign modes of amusement would be little short of torture to most of our rising generation, French boys will play at prisoner's base or other forms of sport which depend upon nimbleness alone; they will become good marksmen with bows or guns, they will be unrivalled in sedentary games; they will be gymnasts far superior to their neighbours. But all ball games need an amount of system and organization, not to mention patience and discipline, which is, we are vain enough to think, the special faculty of young Englishmen alone. Ninepins begin in the nursery, and are the training for the cricket of the playground. The best wish that can be formed for the children of our country is that their love of balls may continue, and develop among them, as it has done for so many generations, health, courage, skill, and self-restraint. For the younger ones who have not yet done with actual toys, we hardly know what special wish to make, except increased stability and absence of light-green paint. Yet if there is anything of a vague yearning for some new and satisfying toy, some longing desire for a treasure as yet unimagined, some aching void which it needs a great and original conception to fill, we think it must be for a black barking dog, ugly in the face and movable in one of the paws, which shall, when pulled by the tail, close its eyes and howl prodigiously, and shall be

found to contain within it a store of delicious sweetmeats, when the necessities of speculative inquiry shall have compelled the final dismemberment of its frame.

#### NATIONAL STABILITY.

AN Eastern story sets forth how a traveller once met an old man in a forest, who told him that he not only remembered the time when a city stood on the site of the forest, but also the time when an older forest was cut down to make room for the building of the city. An effort of a somewhat similar kind is produced by that artificial memory which is caused by history. A student of any of the great modern histories—such, for instance, as Gibbon or Mr. Grote—will often feel as if his recollection ranged over changes of the same kind, and of far greater extent. As he reads in the *Times* an account of the Greek Revolution, or paragraphs about some gang of robbers who are causing alarm at Smyrna, or some discovery by French explorers of the remains of ancient cities within an easy ride of some modern military station in Algeria, a strange feeling of antiquity will come over him. A visitor to Surgeons' Hall once pointed out to his son the skeleton of O'Brien, the Irish giant, with the remark, "When I saw that man last he was alive;" and in the same way our student might say of his newspaper paragraphs, "When I last read of Greece and Asia Minor and North Africa, they were great nations, filled with the thickest population, and adorned by the greatest cities in the known world." Such a thought in one sense is commonplace enough, for it leads directly to the oldest of all commonplaces on the vanity of human wishes and the mutability of human affairs, but it also leads to other considerations, which, perhaps, deserve more attention, and which certainly admit of being treated in a more definite manner, and with a greater tendency to practical results.

We all know that nations have flourished, decayed, and passed away; that Northern Africa, for instance, was once the granary of great part of Europe; that it contained an immense Christian population, and was the seat of many flourishing cities and episcopal sees; and that, in the present day, it is a mere wilderness, of which the French are trying to galvanize one corner into life with more energy than success. We all know also that the empire of Alexander the Great was subdivided into several considerable states; that some of them reached a high pitch of civilization; and that particular cities—as, for instance, Alexandria—became great capitals and seats of every kind of learning; and we also know that all this greatness has utterly and for ever passed away. Knowing, however, all this, it never occurs to us to apply these precedents to our own case. No one ever supposes for a moment that England will ever return to the state in which the Saxons or the Romans found it, or that the well-known New Zealander will ever really sit upon the last arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Is this no more than the effect of the difficulty of bringing home to our own imaginations so great a change, or is there any substantial ground for it? There is clearly no charm about the local situation. We must not forget that for some centuries Britain was a Roman province, containing many great cities and a considerable degree of civilization, as described by Mr. Merivale in a striking passage in his last volume. Speaking of Britain in the early part of the second century of the Christian era he says:—

"The building of cities, the cultivation of the land, the construction of roads, the erection of neat or voluptuous pleasure-houses, had converted the lair of Caesar's painted savages into an Italian garden. Already the warm and mineral springs had been discovered, which still draw our health seekers to Bath and Clifton, to Cheltenham and Matlock; the tin, copper, and silver ores of Devon had been worked with method and perseverance; the iron of Gloucestershire and Sussex, the lead of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Salop, the coal of Wales, Staffordshire, and Durham, had all been brought into requisition to supply the most essential wants of a thriving population, and to pour their surplus into the imperial treasury. Britain had her own potteries and glass-houses; she grew large quantities of grain adapted to her climate; and exported corn and cattle, as well as handsome slaves to the markets of the Continent."

We are apt to forget that this state of things lasted for about three hundred years—as long a period as has elapsed since the accession of Queen Elizabeth, yet it has passed away as completely as the nations that existed before the Flood. Does it follow from this that our conviction of the national stability of our own and of other European nations is founded on nothing better than prejudice or want of imagination?

It may reasonably be hoped that this is not the case; that the New Zealander never will come, and that the great European nations will for ages remain what they now are, the moulds in which the great leading types of human character are perpetually being recast. This hope is grounded on the fact that there are many dangers to which ancient nations are exposed, and by which they were frequently subverted, and from which modern nations are comparatively free; and that there are some guarantees for the stability of the nations of modern Europe, which can hardly be said to have existed in the old world. The dangers to which they were exposed, and from which we are free, are both external and internal. The great external danger by which the existence of ancient nations was threatened, was foreign conquest. It may almost be said that the different way in which wars are carried on, and the different objects which the belligerents have in view, is the great leading distinction between ancient and modern history. Few things are more memorable, and nothing can be more pathetic, than the way in which the Romans, with all their great qualities, blighted and nipped in the bud every nation that they subdued. A long list of provinces, which

ought to have been nations, vegetated under the protection of the Empire. But they were not nations, and in the time of trial some of them were depopulated and altogether effaced; others became the seats of powerful states, founded by foreign invaders; but, in the long history of the Romans, there is no single instance of an independent state, conquered by them, which recovered its national position by the development of its own internal resources.

In the history of modern Europe, the very reverse is the case. We have had as much war and as many conquests as the Romans. England was conquered by the Romans. France was in a sense conquered by Henry V., and again by the coalition in 1815. The greater part of Europe was conquered by Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. has conquered Nice and Savoy, whilst the Sardinians have conquered Lombardy and Naples. England conquered Ireland, and some half-dozen states in India, and almost every one of these conquests has been attended in its time with plenty of misery, bloodshed, and heartburning. Notwithstanding all this, no European nation has gone out. The case of Poland is the only considerable instance of the kind which has occurred for many centuries. Where the conquest has been permanent, the conquerors and the conquered have, for the most part, shaken down, as it were, into a single body, and the result has often been to add a new member to the European family. The destruction of an old one has hardly ever happened.

The change in the character of civilized conquests, important as it is in some ways, is less important than our absolute immunity from uncivilized conquest. The irruption of a horde of barbarians was, to the old world, like a convulsion of nature. If a swarm of Huns or Scythians marched over the Alps or the Pyrenees, the nation in which they descended might fall before them *en masse*, and be simply obliterated. This can never be repeated, for the simple reason that there are no hordes of barbarians left.

Not only are modern nations more stable than ancient ones, because their intestine wars are carried on for different objects, and because they are not exposed to the danger of extermination from without, but they contain in themselves causes of stability which did not exist in ancient times. The effect in this respect of the absence of slavery and of the establishment of Christian morality, especially in all that belongs to the relation between the sexes, are too obvious and too powerful to need anything more than a passing mention. The invention (so to speak) of physical science, and its wide application to the increase of all the conveniences of life, would appear at first sight to exert an equally powerful, or even more powerful, influence in the same direction. It is not altogether clear whether it really does so. There can be no sort of doubt that scientific improvements add immeasurably to the comforts of life and to the facilities of getting a living; but these are not quite the same things as national stability, for channels of trade may shift, and some have shifted, in such a way as to leave great cities and flourishing districts stranded. We can conceive it possible that Liverpool should become an unfrequented estuary and Lancashire a barren district, full of unproductive heaths and hilly moorlands, by the reversal of those influences which have performed the converse operation of turning the commerce of the world into the Mersey, and transforming one of the wildest parts of England into one of the richest and most intelligent members of the body politic. Such causes may be seen in operation to some extent in Antwerp, Ghent, and Bruges, and to an even greater extent in Venice. It is certainly conceivable, though it may not be likely, that Spain and France might become the channels of commerce with America instead of England, and that our commercial prosperity might be for a time only, and might then decay.

Though such events are certainly possible they are not probable, for modern commerce and manufactures have grown to such a height, and are increasing so rapidly at that height, that there is every reason to believe that, though the relative depth of particular parts of the stream may vary considerably, the volume of the stream itself, and the absolute flow at every particular part of it, will increase indefinitely. In the present position of our affairs, the growth of Corunna and Havre would imply a corresponding growth in Bristol and Liverpool. The tide of wealth flows so rapidly that it is hardly possible to imagine any limit to it, or to conceive of any other than a relative competition between the different classes by which it is carried on.

It would thus appear, that upon the whole we are entitled to put aside the New Zealander and his sketches, and to leave the old fashioned commonplaces on the decay of nations to moulder by the side of reflections on the mutability of human affairs; but as we do so are we performing an act of triumph? Have we really slain one of the dragons which threaten the peace of mankind? The answer to this, as to most other questions of the sort, must be Yes and No. Yes; for no doubt it is a great thing to have laid stable foundations on which, as far as we can judge, the history of the world may repose for an indefinite time, unless it should be disturbed by those vast natural catastrophes of which we may read the records in geology. No; because the history itself which is to be built on these foundations,—the forms which are to be cast in these moulds, cannot be regarded with entire complacency. The stability of a nation is one thing. Its greatness and goodness is quite another, and it is quite possible that the two may be not only independent of but opposed to each other. There is in the world one wonderful nation of which we are just beginning to know a little, which appears to be at least as firmly established as France or England, if not more firmly. The Chinese empire is, beyond all question, the largest and the oldest nation in the world, and it has been civilized, according to its own pattern,

for a longer time than any other. China was a great empire when Rome was a petty town, with a mere municipal constitution, fighting with other petty towns in its neighbourhood—as Windsor might conquer Staines and go to war with Farnborough. China was still a great empire when Rome was mistress of the Western world; when it had shrunk again to a petty Italian city, frequently oppressed by neighbouring feudal barons; when it had risen again to be the capital of the Christian world and the head of a spiritual power, wider and stronger than its old temporal power; and China is a great empire in the present day, when Rome is a flourishing provincial city, which may or may not become the capital of a kingdom about two years of age. No national stability that the world has ever seen elsewhere can compare with this, nor is mere stability the only result which the Chinese have to show for the countless millions of human beings who have lived and died within its boundaries. Its prosperity has been almost fabulous. In 1393 its population was about 60,500,000. At present it is about 400,000,000. In other words, it has increased about eight-fold in four centuries and a half. It is very doubtful whether England has done more, and whatever we have done has been on a far smaller scale. To judge from the considerations referred to above, we have an excellent prospect of being undisturbed in that process of turning Western Europe into just such another bee-hive as China, and notwithstanding their civil war, there is no doubt that the North Americans will in due time, and probably at a wonderfully rapid rate, produce a third establishment of the same kind. It must be added, that these vast populations will in all probability differ from the Chinese much as we differ from them in the present day; but is there any reason to suppose that they will be much better or even much wiser than we are? Whether they will be much better is a mere guess. The Chinese do not appear to have improved much on their ancestors. The principal consequence of their enormous increase seems to have been misery. In his excellent book on the Taeping Rebellion, Captain Brine says that after about two centuries of peace and good government, “the population became so excessive, that the produce of the land was barely adequate to meet their wants.” Whether they will be wiser, in any true sense of the word, seems equally doubtful. We have more knowledge already than any one can appropriate, and the increase of it, which is certain to come, will contribute far more to comfort than to wisdom. On the whole, a fair consideration of the progress of mankind appears to lead to the conclusion that, after a steep climb, we have reached a sort of table-land, better perhaps than the level from which the ascent began, but very oppressive to the mind by reason of its vast and apparently featureless expanse, upon which no other observation can be made than was made by *Candide*, “cultivons nos choux.” We ought to be thankful that our cabbages will grow, but there is no reason whatever to be ecstatic about them.

#### THE NEW FOREST.

It was perfectly natural that the love of travel and the appreciation of natural scenery, which seem almost like the discoveries of our own century, should scarcely have tempted Englishmen to explore the beauties of their own land, till the Continent had become tediously familiar, and adventurous bookmakers had explored the sources of the Nile, bivouacked within sight of the North Pole, or attended the polite festivities of the Court of Dahomey. A taste for the picturesque, no less than an interest in strange manners, sights, language, and laws, has to be gradually formed, and most people, in the first instance, travelled, no doubt not because they liked it, or felt that they derived any particular advantage from the process, but because it was either proper or fashionable to do so. To this day Americans derive satisfaction from reflecting that they have galloped through the universe more quickly than any preceding tourists, and Frenchmen, with characteristic vanity, seem to think that the famous curiosities of the world may take it amiss if they do not go to present their respects. When M. Chateaubriand was travelling in Egypt, he found himself at Cairo, but never visited the Pyramids. He did, however, the next best thing, and atoned for his personal neglect by vicarious politeness:—“*Je chargeai*,” he says, “*M. Cappe d’écrire mon nom sur ces grands tombeaux, selon l’usage, à la première occasion: l’on doit remplir tous ces petits devoirs d’un pieux voyageur.*” The idea of the Pyramids minding whether M. Chateaubriand came to see them or not, seems at first a little comical; but it is certain that the notion of “a duty” owed to somebody or something sets a vast number of people on the move, and that the enterprising crowds which flock every summer from our shores imagine that they are complying with a social necessity, and pay their hotel bills, if not with alacrity, at any rate with the resignation of men whose consciences are at rest, and from whom Europe has no more to ask. No such sense of obligation exists in favour of the picturesque river-paths, the unpretending hills, the wayside hostleries, the solitary woods, the quaint ruins, the lovely glimpses of rural scenery, which reward the less ambitious labours of the tourist in England.

A man who has been up to the Third Cataract, or into the Holy Sepulchre, or across a new Swiss pass, or inscribed his name, like M. de Chateaubriand, on the Pyramids, has something definite as the result of his exertions. The least-instructed mind can appreciate the worth of his achievement; but a pedestrian who for a month or two has been clambering about the Cumberland hills, or exploring the lovely valleys of Yorkshire, or sketching

oaks and beeches in the New Forest, must not hope, on his return, to arouse any vivid interest, or to command the attention of any but a limited audience. He must, if his expedition is not to be fruitless, value it for itself, not for the opportunities of display which it affords him. His triumphs, though real enough, are intelligible only to a well-informed and sympathizing hearer. A little bit of Roman pottery, a fragment of a Norman arch, some local phrase from a Saxon or a Celtic source; a rare bird, a new fern; some quiet view, of which not one traveller in ten thousand has had leisure to take in the exquisite loveliness; some spot of ground rich, in the antiquarian’s eye, with historical associations: such are the matters which will occupy his thoughts; tempt him to linger, week after week, in apparently uninteresting localities; and more than recompense him, in his own opinion, for the loss of the excitement, the display, or the novelty which those who take a longer flight from home are bent upon securing. He must love Nature with the sort of quiet sincerity which Wordsworth has rendered familiar, if not to our thoughts, at any rate to our language: he must feel a deep interest in the past, and a keen pleasure in any discovery that sheds a ray of light upon it. If he knows something of geology, he will find the soil over which he wanders ever eloquent with some new revelation. He should be a botanist too, and fill his tin box as he goes on with specimens, which, though weeds to others, are better than the treasures of the hothouse to him; he must know something of the history of language, as then every peasant whom he meets will tell him by his dialect some new fact or confirm some unestablished theory. Finally, he must be strong of limb and hardy in his ways of life, so that he may fearlessly quit beaten tracks and well-kept lines, may push through bogs and thickets to the best and least-disturbed posts of observation, and may be able, within the compass of a morning’s walk, to secure a diversity of scene, which ordinary travellers spend feverish days and nights, and hurry over thousands of miles, in the hope of attaining. If, at the end of all, he is able to describe what he has seen with simplicity of thought and elegance of language, we may consider him as being everything that a tourist should, and as having carried the art of travel to a far higher perfection than the boldest of lion-slayers, the most breakneck of Alpine clubmen, or the most indefatigable of African explorers.

We have been drawing no ideal picture. A very pretty volume\* just published, on the New Forest, presents us with the “Tourist at home” in full perfection. Mr. Wise, its author, knows the ground over which he travels thoroughly, and is enthusiastic about its charms. He has a keen eye for every local curiosity. He bids us forsake the high road and forget the bustle of the nineteenth century, to follow him through untrodden woodlands, and little obscure villages, and along dark overhung forest streams, and into half-ruined churches, and taste in his company the quiet enjoyments with which his favourite haunt is so well supplied. His book affords excellent evidence of the degree in which a traveller’s entertainment depends upon his own resources. Mr. Wise’s practised eye discovers a thousand beauties and interests, which ignorance or inexperience would be certain to overlook. He is a geologist, botanist, ornithologist; he dearly loves any antiquarian curiosity, knows enough about Celtic and Old Saxon dialects to pick the forester’s idioms and the village names to pieces, and, above all, has a true artist’s enjoyment of beautiful scenery. The illustrations of the work are, for the most part, excellent studies of woodland scenery, and have been designed, very properly, to show the more retired beauties of the Forest, rather than repeat once again the scenes with which most Englishmen who have travelled at all can scarcely fail to be familiar. Apart from its extraordinary historical interest, and from the fact that it is pretty nearly the last great woodland tract which the advancing wave of population has left uninclosed, the wild scenery of the New Forest is too peculiar and too strikingly beautiful not to merit all that pencil or pen can effect in its honour. “From every hill-top gleams the blue water of the English Channel, broken in the foreground by the long line of the Isle of Wight downs, and the white chalk walls of the Needles. Nowhere, in extent at least, spread such stretches of heath and moor, golden in the spring with the blaze of furze, and in the autumn purple with heather, and bronzed with the fading fern; nowhere in England rise such oak woods, their boughs covered with the frostwork of lichens, and dark beech-groves, with their floor of red-brown leaves, on which the branches weave their own warp and woof of light and shade.” Then the geological structure of the country affords a constant change of scene. “On the sea-coast are high gravel-capped cliffs, cleft with deep ravines; inland stretch away the valleys, dipping between low hills, and covered with thick clumps of wood. White patches of cotton-grass mark an occasional swamp; here a long stretch of purple heather, here a golden line of fern, here a dark mass of veteran hollies and ferns; here a little farmstead, with its scanty crops, or some green lawn, pastured by herds of cattle, separating the woods; with forest pools, white with buckbean, and the bitter milk-wort waving its blue heath on the banks.” Everything speaks of the past—the vast forms of the old barrows, the intrenchments behind which lived Celt, or Roman, or Saxon—the church towers, which for ages have served for a landmark to the foresters, or the round ovens, in which, from the time of the Conquest, the charcoal-burners have charred the forest trees. The close neighbourhood of the sea supplies the picture with a lovely background, and is ever producing some fresh scenic effect. “Far out at sea will rise a low white fog-bank, gradually stealing to the land, enveloping some stray ship in its folds, and

\* The New Forest: its History and its Scenery. With Sixty-three Illustrations. Smith, Elder, & Co.

then by degrees encircling the island, while the chalk cliffs melt into clouds. On it steals, that white mist, quenching the Needles light, till the whole island is capped with fog, and neither sea nor sky is seen—nothing but a dense haze blotting everything. Then suddenly the wind lifts the great cloud westward, and its black curtains drop away, revealing a sky of the deepest blue, barred with lines of light, and the whole bay suddenly shines out, clear and glittering, the island cliffs flashing with opal and emerald, and the ship once more glides out safe from the darkness."

The "afforestation" of this part of the country has been treated by the chroniclers as almost the typical act of Norman inhumanity. A formidable list of villages burnt, churches laid low, well-tilled farms turned to waste, and poor people sent out to die, has engrained into every Englishman a traditional belief in the enormities practised by the Conqueror and his son. It is a relief to believe that this is mostly exaggeration; most of the forest is such wretched soil that it could never have supported villages, or been fit for anything but woodland. Moreover, if fifty churches were ruined, where are the ruins? If William pulled down the rest, how comes it that the two mentioned in Domesday Book are still complete? and if all the inhabitants were slain, why were two churches built in the very midst of the forest immediately after the afforestation? In the same spirit of historical impartiality Mr. Wise points out that the story of Rufus's death bears several very suspicious symptoms, and that the holy men whom he was in the habit of oppressing could probably have assigned it to something more than accident. As three of them are reported to have dreamt that it was going to happen, and as one convert at least heard that it *had* happened, before it actually took place, we must believe that they knew something more about it than they chose to say, and that in getting rid of a very wicked king the end was held to justify the means.

Mr. Wise points out several excursions through the forest, which future travellers would do well to follow. He begins in the east, at Hythe, on the Southampton water, and describes the journey westward to Brockenhurst, either direct across Beaulieu Heath, or by a more circuitous route to the south, taking in Fawley and Cardshot. This latter place is probably the *Cerdicis-ora*, where Cerdic and his son Cynric landed with a little fleet in 495, and on the same day defeated the natives. The Abbey at Beaulieu is also well worth a visit; the monastery was dissolved in 1537, and the ruins of the outer wall, the chief gateway, the refectory, and the "guesten-hall," are still complete enough for all purposes of identification. In the refectory is a beautiful pulpit, from which, in the days of their purity, the Cistercians heard some saintly discourse during meals, obeying the precept "of the blessed Hugh of Lincoln, 'Let us keep our eyes on the table, our ears with the reader, and our hearts with God.'" Brockenhurst is the centre for a number of good walks in the south-west of the Forest, and might, with great advantage, be made for some time head-quarters. From hence Mr. Wise takes us across the centre of the Forest to Lyndhurst, the approach to which "is one long avenue of trees,—beeches with their smooth trunks, oaks growing in groups, with here and there long lawns stretching away into the distant woods." All around are forest scenes and timber of the utmost magnificence, and within four miles is the traditional stone which commemorates the fall of the "Red King." Passing on from here, we next explore the northern region, Stoney Cross, Bramble Hill, Bentley, and Sloden. Then follows the valley of the Avon; and, lastly, the old south-west coast, now considerably altered in outline by the encroachments of the sea. Everywhere alike Mr. Wise is a feeling, well-informed, and interesting companion. His remarks on the peasantry of the district, the prevailing superstitions and peculiar phraseology, are especially curious. Every local tradition is, he says, implicitly accepted. The New-Forester believes in St. Swythyn, turns his money when he sees the new moon, fancies that witches cannot cross a brook, that Death's-Head moths appeared after the death of Charles I., and that the man in the moon was sent there for stealing wood from the Forest. One of his favourite remedies used to be scrapings from an elaborate figure in the priory church of Christchurch; roast jay and water are given for consumption, and hares' brains administered to premature children. Many of the proverbs in use are forcible and characteristic. "As bad as Jeffreys," still lives in the poor people's mouths to keep alive the memory of the Bloody Assizes; "He won't climb up May Hill," means, "he will not outlive the spring;" "Eat your own side, speckle-back," is an admonition addressed to greedy people, and is grounded on a myth of a young lady who shared her meal with a snake, and used this expression to restrain its improper voracity. "To rattle like a boar in a holme-bush," must have sounded more expressive to ears that had actually heard the musical performance in question; while "heft" for "left," "loute" for "bow," "bugle" for "ox," are instances of old English words used in classical authors, but obsolete now except among the Hampshire peasants. "All to hame" is a curious phrase for "all to bits"; and "rick-rack," or "cazalty" weather, preserves a forgotten word, "rack," for cloud, which explains the much contested phrase, "leave not a rack behind," in the "Tempest." In the same way, "skull," for a herd or mob, throws light upon Milton's phrase,

"Skulls that oft  
Bank the mid sea;"

and is repeated in "the school of whales" of such frequent occurrence among the Arctic fishermen.

A picture book of English rural scenery,\* accompanied by native wood-notes of idyllic verse, is a Christmas gift that will bring afresh to the remembrance of many a dweller in town his weeks of pleasant loitering in the past holiday season, before the summer sunshine had faded off our land. Mr. Birket Foster with his pencil, and Mr. Taylor with his pen, have tried, not quite in vain, to set before the eyes that will be bent upon this volume in the light of the evening lamp on the drawing-room table, some vivid reminiscences of that contemplative pleasure which Nature, amid the homely beauties of her rustic haunts in England, is ever ready to afford to the heart that seeks her dwelling-place in a mood simply receptive of tenderness and truth. The green lane, grass-grown and roofed with living foliage, where the cottager's wife sits at the hedge-side with her babes, watching for the return of her husband at sundown,—the upland common, where two placid donkeys are reposing beside a sedgy pool,—the hay-field, where a group of men and women stop their toil with rake or scythe, to admire for one moment the high-heaped waggon-load of fragrant herbage, on which one has mounted to bind it atop—the welcome roadside inn, with tired horses at the trough, and merry ale-toppers on the bench outside the door,—the water-mill upon a rushing river, and the windmill on an airy hill,—the meadow, with its grazing cows,—the village churchyard, or "God's acre" for human rest from life's turmoil,—these scenes, and many others, on which it is good for the mind's health to look and linger, are portrayed in this book of English landscape, which may be classed with that on "The New Forest," though scarcely its equal in artistic or literary merit.

#### CONSTANTINE SIMONIDES AND THE CODEX SINAITICUS.

SINCE palæography became a science, no more important addition has been made to the family of Biblical MSS. than that of the Codex Sinaiticus, as its discoverer expounds its claims; and it is by an unusually fair award of fortune's favours, that the honour of its discovery has fallen to so eminent and laborious a student as Professor Tischendorf. But while Biblical critics are eagerly expecting the publication of the Codex, an attempt is made to blight its reputation in the bud; and the controversy thence arising (which has been carried on in the columns of the *Guardian*), besides involving an important antiquarian result, possesses in itself considerable intrinsic interest.

The assailant is the notorious Constantine Simonides, who attracted public attention some years ago in connection with a number of MSS. of high pretensions, which he had either forged or discovered; or, as the judges ultimately settled it, had partly forged, partly discovered. We have no wish to enter into the somewhat technical details of this dispute. The great majority of critics pronounced that he was a consummate caligraphist, who really had in his possession several undiscovered MSS., and had intermingled with these several very successful forgeries. The few believers in Simonides represented him as a man whose towering genius had aroused the envy, alike of Grecian professors, German students, and English librarians, and banded them together in a conspiracy to crush him; while he, wrapped in his virtue, and sublimely confident in his innocence, disdained to give the explanations which would have rendered futile their plots and calumnies. The literary public, driven to choose between the reputation of Tischendorf, Dindorf, and other esteemed names, and that of an Oriental adventurer, and predisposed, perhaps, to believe in Hellenic ingenuity rather than in Hellenic honesty, accepted the decision against Simonides. His career, however, was by no means closed, as we shall see; but he disappeared for a time from public notice.

But in 1860, when Dr. Tischendorf's discovery, which was made in 1859, was exciting general attention, Simonides began to spread abroad, mysteriously and enjoining secrecy, the extraordinary assertion that he was himself the transcriber of the manuscript. This sudden turning of the tables caused amusement, and even won a kind of admiration, as a bold and ingenious, but desperate stroke of revenge: it gained, however, no credence, and Simonides did not seem disposed to court investigation by publishing his assertions. At length, in August last, a Cambridge scholar, easily recognizable under the initials F. J. A. H., communicated to the *Guardian* a letter, announcing that Dr. Tregelles had seen the MS. at Leipsic, and was thoroughly convinced that the story of Simonides was "as false or absurd as possible." Either stung by this, or thinking the time now ripe for assault, Simonides wrote to the *Guardian* of the 3rd of September an elaborate letter, containing the story in question. He told, with much detail, how in the year 1839 the monks of a famous monastery at Mount Athos determined to present the Emperor Nicholas with an *édition de luxe* of the Bible and seven Apostolic Epistles; how the execution of this copy was intrusted to him, the professional caligrapher declining it from its difficulty; how he, therefore, studied the art of caligraphy, and transcribed all the work, except part of the Apostolical epistles, from a collation made for the purpose by his uncle Benedict; how, the design being abandoned, Simonides, by the advice of Constantius, Bishop of Sinai, presented his work to the library of that place through the bishop's agency; how he saw it again in 1852, and "found it much altered, having an older appearance than it ought to have;" how, finally, Tischendorf had "contrived, he knew not how, to carry it away." He added an explanation of some marks in the MS., and asserted that he could point to two distinct pages in it containing the clearest proof of its being his writing.

\* Birket Foster's "Pictures of English Landscape." Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. With Pictures in Words, by Tom Taylor. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.

This letter attracted no immediate notice. Students are apt to be almost too contemptuously careless of the statements of a man whom they have once settled to be an impostor. Meanwhile, it is important to observe, Simonides attended the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and visited the University library on the 7th of October. At length, another well-known Biblical student, Mr. W. A. Wright, examined, in the *Guardian* of the 5th of November, the claims of the Hellene. By means of a life of Simonides, written by a devout admirer, and circulated by himself, Mr. Wright throws some important lights on this pretended transcription. Thus illustrated, it becomes a feat truly miraculous. It appears that Simonides was but *eight months* in all (from November, 1839, to August, 1840) at the monastery of Mount Athos before his uncle's death. Within this time the present is resolved on; the instruction of Simonides, a boy of fifteen, in caligraphy begun and completed; the collation of the whole Bible with the MSS. in the monastery, performed by Benedict; and the transcription, from which the professional caligrapher shrank, executed in the style of a master by the youthful genius. And further, we learn nothing of all this from the memoir; while we are told that, during the same time, Simonides studied theology under Benedict; Benedict discovered a treasure of MSS., and "set aside everything else" to attend to them; and that it was to read and copy these that Simonides studied palæography. Here is a tolerably good list of improbabilities and contradictions; but it might have been added, that, when Tischendorf visited the monastery in 1844, there were already thirty-four sheets of the MS. missing, besides the fragment that he found lying alone, and took away, and subsequently published as the Codex Friderico-Augustanus. Simonides could not have re-examined his MS. in 1852 without noticing this loss; on the other hand, he could not have meant to allude to it in the simple phrase, "I found it much altered." It might have been asked again, how it happened that Simonides, who "immediately recognized his own work in the first fac-similes published by Tischendorf," had not already recognized it in the Codex Friderico-Augustanus? Mr. Wright might have added, too, that what Simonides claimed as private marks were no such thing, but the ordinary obelisks, &c., known to all palæographers. But he was probably reserving his ammunition for a second volley.

The next move of Simonides was brilliant but dangerous. The readers of the *Guardian* of December 3rd were startled by the rare phenomenon of a Romaic epistle. It seems that the Hieromonachos Kallinikos having dropped, we presume, into his club at Alexandria, where the *Guardian* and the *Literary Churchman* were of course taken in, had perused the letter of Simonides; and instantly, "for the sake of truth," sent off to those two journals a letter confirming all his friend's statements and a good deal more. He not only saw Simonides writing the Codex in February, 1840, and knew of its delivery to Constantius, but he has the advantage of Simonides in knowing that it was sent to Sinai in order to be collated there, and subsequently transcribed by Simonides himself for the Czar of Russia. He was also providentially on the spot when Dr. Tischendorf visited Sinai in 1844, saw the MS. in his hands, and was aware of its abstraction. It is true that the cold indifference shown in his concealing all this information from his friend Simonides for sixteen years contrasts painfully with his zealous friendship and cosmopolitan sympathies. But now, at least, he makes amends. There is but one thing wanting. Kallinikos witnesses to the veracity of Simonides. But who can guarantee the veracity of Kallinikos? Why of course Simonides; who else knows so much about him? Accordingly he is so obliging as to inform us in the *Guardian* of the 10th December, that Kallinikos's "simplest word may be relied on."

We fear that this remarkable chain of testimonies will produce no effect on the stubborn scepticism of the public. It is too extraordinary a coincidence that the additions made by Kallinikos to the original story should carry it exactly to the point reached by Simonides himself when he left Cambridge in October. In answering the series of interrogations put to him there, he developed the reasons for which the MS. was sent to Sinai, and so filled up an evident hiatus in his first account; while in the University library he was confronted, for the first time as it seemed, with the fragment forming the Codex Friderico-Augustanus. Mr. Wright shows that there was just time for these details to be transmitted to Alexandria, and returned under the signature Kallinikos; and we may remark, that the malicious retaliation, by which Dr. Tischendorf is accused in the Romaic epistle, of theft and deceitful promises, is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the whole attack.

So far we have a case of strong circumstantial evidence. But Simonides has supplied us with another inferential proof of a distinct nature against himself. He pretends to have private marks by which he can identify "two distinct pages of the MS." Of course, even if he did this, he would only give himself, as it were, a basis of operations, by proving that he had an intimate acquaintance with the MS., and would not at all demolish Tischendorf's theory. If, on the other hand, he does not disclose these marks before the MS. is published, he is self-condemned; for no man possessed of such evidence would retain it till it became valueless, and this seems now the alternative he prefers.

The fact is, that in this, as in other works of fiction, we have considerable ingenuity and inventive power wasted, from carelessness in details, want of perception of probabilities, and ignorance of what is meant by evidence. It would have been easy, in such a case as this, to produce a story at least plausible, if not convincing; to propagate a slander which, neglected at the

time, might have raised its head hereafter, when the difficulty of refuting it had become much greater. Let us congratulate ourselves that the dirt thrown has not stuck, so as to leave the least stain on the reputation of the Codex or its discoverer. Simonides has made the most satisfactory use possible of the tether which fortune allowed him for doing harm. He has had plenty of rope; and with it he has elaborately hung himself.

#### HOW TO WASTE IT.

WHY people continue to wear dresses which they dislike, or to build streets and public monuments which they confess to be ugly and uninteresting, when a little exertion would free them from these annoyances,—why, in a word, they will waste their money which they do care for, on results which they cannot care for,—is one of the standing problems of modern life. The world must have pleased itself much more in these particulars in older days, when men and women dressed for love of tasteful display, and made every cottage prettier and more handy for its purpose than a nobleman's country-house now. Is it that the more diffused intelligence of our days renders each more sensitive to the opinion of all, and all more alive to criticism than to beauty? That "the individual withers, and the world is more and more," as Tennyson and Mill alike tell us? Or is it simply that as nations grow old fashion and habit stiffen them, and custom lies on them with increasingly deadening weight? Europe is anyhow enslaved on these points, whatever constitutions or imperialisms may be in the ascendant; content to do what is ugly, acknowledge it, and pay for it.

We have been led to these thoughts by the publication of Mr. Fergusson's new volume on "Modern Architecture," a book able in many ways and interesting in all. It is a book likely to furnish fresh supplies to the rival combatants in the Battle of the Styles. Greek, Roman, and Goth will find assistance in their respective views at the hands of the high-spirited critic, who impartially deals out his dissatisfaction at every style which has been followed for the last three centuries. It is a curious history of which Mr. Fergusson is the chronicler. Its facts are not remote; its interests are truly those of home. A walk through London or Paris will enable every reader to test it. His former excellent volumes traced the course of what he terms True Styles. All the buildings belonging to the True Styles were, he tells us, "without one single exception, arranged solely for the purpose of meeting, in the most direct manner, the wants of those for whom they were designed; and the ornamentation that was applied to them either grew naturally out of the construction, or was such as was best suited to express the uses or objects to which the building was to be applied. There is hence always a purpose-like truthfulness about a building of this class which can never fail to be pleasing." But we have put an end to all this. Since the Classical Reaction set in, with a few partial exceptions mainly found in France, he discovers nothing but dead erudite copyism. This has run through the Roman, French, and Grecian stages to that imitation of Mediævalism which is all that Mr. Fergusson condescends to trace in the Gothic "revival" of the last fifty years. The active causes of this long decline he finds in the fact that the "Renaissance" in all its forms has been a learned architecture, speaking not to the heart of the people, but to the literary or wealthy classes; that hence the mass of men have lost all interest in it as a Fine Art; and that the practice of it has consequently fallen to a limited class of archaeological professors, who have neither time to vitalize every part of the vast works of modern days with evidences of thought and feeling, nor the power of creating an efficient school of workmen, nor of handing over to successors their own suggestions and developments. The name of the designer of the world's wonders in old time is rarely known; for, in fact, the whole age may be said to have co-operated in the work. Abbot and knight and burgher were partners in the designs for house and castle and convent; the mason carried out the details by his own fine native fancy; spectators reviewed the building with a more practical and lively interest than they bring to a modern exhibition. They understood it; for whether Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Lombard, or Gothic, the walls always spoke in the vernacular. Architecture was part of the mother-tongue: it had its dialects and its changes; but these were always brought about in strict subordination to local necessities, or to general and practical laws. Under the Renaissance it was practised mainly by men who had read Vitruvius for men who had heard of Vitruvius. In a word, the art lost its national and continuous character. It has thus become a profession for individual archaeologists, not a matter of public concernment. "Architecture ceased to be a natural form of expression or the occupation of cultivated intellects, and passed into the state of being merely the stock-in-trade of professional experts. Whenever this is so, *Addio Maraviglia!*—No one ever dreams of revisiting these flat and monotonous masses at various periods of the day, or under different atmospheric changes, to study those effects of light and shade which render a truly thoughtful building an ever-varying scene of beauty,—one the beholder never can be sure he has wholly seen, and regarding which he is never satisfied that he has mastered all the depths of thought which pervaded the setting of every stone." Millions of money have been lavished on the works thus justly characterized. Even in war men have hardly more conspicuously exemplified the great rule,—How to Waste It.

Our eyes assure us that there is much truth in this verdict. Will any one dispute the sentence of barren insipidity passed against the Renaissance and Classical Styles who has compared the Pantheon with Notre Dame at Paris, the State Prison of Venice with the Palace beside it, the streets of Rouen

and Chester with those of Tyburnia? Irrespective of their practical purposes, the modern structures call up no pleasurable image whatever; except it be to such a "person of quality" as Browning has written of:—

"The city, O the city—the square with the houses! Why,  
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!  
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry!"

It is true that the very rare successes in the learned style,—the Banqueting House of Whitehall, or St. Paul's, or the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge,—may lull us into momentary acquiescence, or some less satisfactory attempt in a truer manner may seem to justify the sneers of commonplace or old-fashioned spectators. But take them in the gross, and no one, we apprehend, will seriously prefer, for an instant, St. Martin's or St. Pancras' to the least pretentious of our untouched village-churches;—not even a beadle. No one, we imagine, will pretend that he has received the faintest pleasure from the sight of Belgrave-square,—out of the season. Compared with a style like that, the chequers of a chess-board are a work of high art. Yet Belgrave-square is not worse than the new terraces of Kensington and Bayswater; nay, putting aside the material and an echo of Gothic form about the attic storey, it is intrinsically hardly worse than the vast new house in Whitehall;—another £50,000 wasted.

Nor have we reached the depth of the evils thus inflicted. For all these buildings have one redeeming feature in their size. But what shall we say of the lesser works in modern domestic architecture? Dull lanes of monotonous dinginess in the city, prim squares of yellowness or whiteness in the suburbs; not a year but loads the land with more than would have supplied Athens with dwelling-houses. If Nature has marked out some lovely site—Whitby or Brighton, Clifton or Ilfracombe—moulding the ground for us with more than a sculptor's subtlety, leading bright stream or level sea beneath the basement of her rocks, or spreading grassy downs and uplands as the foundation for fair works of human art, human hands are sure to spoil it. The crescent and the terrace, the gorgeous hotel and elegant villa crowd their frightfulness on the spot, and mark it as the dwelling of the barbarian without eye or feeling. We read that the Turks place a plastered hovel within the Parthenon, and are profoundly shocked at their tastelessness. Was it less tastelessness which has just stuck factory-hotels in staring blankness on the shores of Lucerne and Geneva? The increased wealth of Europe, with the concurrent introduction of railways and extinction of architectural taste, has brought this plague of square blocks and square windows, pilasters and pediments, to such a point that we are in great risk of soon losing the objects for which ordinary pleasure-travelling—is in a great measure undertaken. Except in the half-dozen cities where local amusements or collections exist, what we go to see is a picturesque town, or an old church or ruin. No one feels any special delight in looking at the County Bank, or the Particular Baptist Meeting-house—at the Bourse and the Royal Residence. In the country half the beauty is marred by the determined ugliness of modern villages all over Europe, whilst the loveliest recesses are invariably selected for the colossal square of the Engländer Hof, the Hotel Imperial, or the Prince of Wales's Inn and Posting-house.

If any one thinks we are overrating these things, let him reflect what Switzerland will be when every chalet and farm-house is exchanged for a rectangle of the regulation pattern, staring white, or glaring red: what Florence will be, when every frowning palace or quaintly decorated house is swept away for an imitation Rue Rivoli. It is not a question of, "Which is prettiest?" for the deadening influence of seeing ugliness on all sides has the closest bearing on our taste in all practical matters, not less than our taste in fine art proper; and of all styles none is so expensive as the Renaissance in all its forms. We know this, and yet we do it, and pay for it: wasting our money as builders or lessees or travellers, when all the while, comfort might be more cheaply and more easily obtained by a little taste and truth and determination to abolish fashionable pedantry.

Mr. Fergusson is less happy in his remedies than his attacks. Whilst his account of the causes of architectural decline is excellent, he seems inattentive to the fact that copyism is not so much an evil in itself as when it is mechanically pursued and founded on imperfect or inapplicable models. Every "true style" has been founded on its predecessor: Greek architecture on Assyrian and Egyptian; Romanesque on Roman; Gothic on Romanesque. Each has in turn adopted and vitally incorporated the available elements it found existing. He himself would apparently advocate a freer development of the Italian Renaissance: a suggestion to our minds trebly unfortunate. First, because the deplorable attempts to effect this very purpose are the substance of his own volume; next, because this style has given no trace, at any time or place whatever, of adaptability to the wants of any but the richest classes; thirdly, because it is founded itself on a few imperfect ancient fragments of temples and theatres, and the tasteless treatise of a single Roman professor. What a foundation for a practical art! It is not to any style which has given us the thousand buildings which Mr. Fergusson notices and condemns that we can possibly look for better things, or save ourselves from further gigantic misapplications of our money. But we cannot now enter on the question, how *not* to waste it.

#### THE PAST WEEK.

THE American mail has brought us President Lincoln's Message at the opening of Congress on the 1st December. He repeats the language of his Inaugural Address, in which he declared that it was impossible for the North

and South to get rid of the causes of quarrel by a mutual divorce. No line, he says, can be drawn between them, suitable for a national boundary. The vast region of the interior, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains, with a population of ten millions, likely to be fifty millions in fifty years, forming the great body of the republic, requires to have access to the sea-coast by New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. If there be a frontier line from east and west, between the slave and free-soil Confederations, none of the people south of it can trade to any place north of it, and none of those north of it can trade to any place south, except upon terms dictated by a Government foreign to them. The marginal regions of the Atlantic and Pacific are equally interested in preserving the Union, to keep open the communications of the great interior region with the outside world. In this point of view, Mr. Lincoln considers that the natural conformation of the North American Continent, which he calls "our national homestead," abhors the idea of two separate Confederations. He says as little as possible about the progress of the war. It has not pleased the Almighty, he says, to bless them with a return of peace; but they can but press on, with pious trust that all will be well. He now proposes a plan which, he doubts not, will shorten the war, and, with less expenditure of money and blood, restore the authority of the Union. It is to enact, as a permanent constitutional law, with the concurrence, not only of two-thirds of the Congress, but of three-fourths of the State Legislatures, including at least seven of the existing slave States, that compensation shall be paid to every slave State which shall abolish slavery before the year 1900. United States bonds, at a certain rate for each slave now existing, shall be handed over to the government of each State; after which, if any State chooses to re-establish slavery, it must first repay the compensation it has received. By this scheme, every State choosing to accept it has the option of abolishing slavery now, or at the end of the 19th century, or at any intermediate time, or by degrees, extending over the whole or a part of that period: no two States are obliged to proceed alike. There need be no sudden derangement; and those of both the races, whose habitual course of thought might be disturbed by the change, will mostly have passed away before its consummation; they will never see it. The slaves now living will be spared the vagrant destitution which might attend their immediate emancipation in great numbers; but they will enjoy the assurance that their posterity are to be free. Mr. Lincoln thinks the principle of compensation is just; slaves being property, acquired by descent or purchase, which ought not to be sacrificed but at the common charge. He urges that the plan is an economical one, for a hundred millions of people, the expected number inhabiting the American Union thirty-seven years hence, will more easily be able to pay the aggregate price for emancipation than the present population can afford the cost of going on with the war. "A dollar will be much harder to pay for the war now, than a dollar will be for emancipation on the proposed plan—and then the latter will cost no blood, no precious life; it will be a saving of both." The second article of Mr. Lincoln's proposed measure enacts that all slaves who, during the rebellion, have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of this war, shall be free for ever; but their owners, if not disloyal, shall receive compensation. By a third article, Congress is to provide means for colonizing free coloured people, with their own consent, in any place outside the United States. Yet Mr. Lincoln protests against the imaginary, and, perhaps, malicious objections which are raised to their remaining in the Union. He observes that they can displace no more white labour, by remaining when free, than they have done as slaves. Their liberation will not make them more numerous; and, if equally distributed, there is but one coloured man to seven whites. Their old masters in the South will give them wages, till new homes are found them, in congenial climes elsewhere. Such is President Lincoln's plan, the timely adoption of which, he doubts not, will restore peace and the national authority throughout the Union. Meantime, he does not mean to stop the war, or to stay proceedings under his Proclamation of September for the immediate emancipation of slaves in all the rebel States. But he is confident that every object may be gained, that the Union may be saved, and the slave may be freed, more speedily, as well as more cheaply, by enacting compensation, than by force alone. "Other means may succeed; this could not fail."

The ministerial reports which accompany Mr. Lincoln's Message give a retrospect of the military, naval, and financial operations of this year. The total strength of the Federal armies now in the field is set down at 800,000 men; the estimates for next year are based on the number of one million. The Commander-in-chief, General Halleck, sets forth the charge against McClellan, that he delayed, for eleven days, the junction of his army with that of Pope, in July and August last; and the charge against Fitz-John Porter, of having disobeyed the order to march to Pope's assistance in the second battle of Bull Run. The trial of Porter, by a court-martial, has commenced; besides which, General Buel is to be tried for mismanagement in Kentucky and Tennessee; while General McDowell is charged with treachery in the field. The Secretary of the navy, Mr. Gideon Wells, in his report, complains of the British Government for not having prevented the sailing of the *Alabama* from Liverpool, after being duly informed of her character and purpose. He says the British Government cannot with impunity persist in tolerating such abuses, and is bound in honour to indemnify the American merchants for their property destroyed. The Finance Secretary, Mr. Chase, estimates the National Debt at eleven hundred million dollars; but he thinks the resources of the country will suffice to pay it all off in gold. He does not propose any further issues of paper money. All the New York city elections have turned in favour of the Democratic or opposition party. A meeting, promoted by the New York Chamber of Commerce, has been held to raise subscriptions for the relief of the Lancashire distress.

There is little news of the war. General Burnside has not yet made his threatened attack on Fredericksburg, and it is said that he is waiting for a reinforcement of 30,000 men. General Lee, on the other side, fortifies his position there. A fleet of seven transports and two iron-clad gunboats has left Fort Monroe, for a destination unknown. It is expected that, when Burnside advances upon Richmond, a simultaneous attack will be made by General Banks, entering either the James or the York River. At Hartsville, in Tennessee, the Federal troops, advancing from Nashville, have had some sharp but indecisive fighting with the Southerners under General Morgan. In the first engagement, the Confederates were the victors; in the second, repulsed. There are rumours of an attack upon Mobile, and also upon

Petersburg and Weldon, in North Carolina. It is said that the Confederates have destroyed large quantities of cotton on the Mississippi. Butler is likely to be superseded in his command at New Orleans, owing to the remonstrances of the French Minister. The cruelty of General McNeill, who lately shot ten men in cold blood, at Palmyra in Missouri, to avenge the supposed death of one Allsman, who had disappeared, now proves to have been the more uncalled-for, since the missing man has returned home, alive and well.

The settlement of Greece is just now the chief topic of political interest on the continent of Europe. A circular from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs states that the powers—France, England, and Russia—which protected the formation of the Greek kingdom, have come to an understanding, and will recommend a candidate for the vacant throne. But from Lisbon we hear that Dom Fernando, who is Ferdinand of Coburg, the ex-regent and titular king of Portugal (husband of the late queen regnant, Donna Maria de Gloria, and father of the now reigning king), has declined the proposal made to him by the British Government, that he should be nominated to be king of Greece. Our squadron, including the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, which has been waiting at Lisbon, possibly to escort his majesty, if willing, either to England or to Corfu, is expected, therefore, to sail without him for Madeira. From Athens we have great accounts of the voting, by universal suffrage, in favour of Prince Alfred. The Provisional Government, yielding to the pressure of the popular will, authorized the opening of lists in every *démarchy* or commune, where, for ten days, beginning on the 5th December, all citizens above twenty years of age might inscribe the king of their choice. Though it was announced by telegram that Earl Russell had, since the Russian disavowal of Prince Leuchtenberg, declared that Prince Alfred's acceptance, if he were elected, was quite out of the question, the Greeks would have their own way; and the *plébiscite* shows that nineteen-twentieths of them wish to be the subjects of young English Alfred. Mr. Elliott, however, has arrived there, with a recommendation to elect the Portuguese Coburg, Ferdinand; and the representatives of the three powers have signed a note, it is said, excluding the members of their respective royal houses. *La France* says, "The protecting powers of Greece, in proposing to King Ferdinand of Portugal to become a candidate for the Greek crown, stipulated expressly that the Greek constitution should be so modified as to allow the sovereign individual religious freedom, provided the Greek faith were recognized as the religion of the state." The cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece is spoken of as a thing already decided upon. We refer to an article upon this question.

The French army in Mexico has gained a trifling success. General Berthier entered Jalapa after a cavalry skirmish, in which a score of men were killed or wounded, but the Mexican National Guards, to the number of three or four thousand, were "demoralized," and driven from a strong post. Eight thousand French troops occupy Sonora. General Forey, in another proclamation, says, he is come not to fight the Mexican people, but their deplorable misgovernment.

The latest news, by Cadiz from Havannah, is that the French have occupied Tampico without resistance.

A terrific accident has occurred on the Eastern Railway of Portugal. An iron tubular bridge over the Tagus gave way under the weight of two trains passing at once, and they fell into the river. It is said that a hundred persons were killed, workmen who were being conveyed by one of the trains, and many more were injured.

The session of the Austrian Reichsrath has been closed with a speech from the Emperor, in which he takes credit for the working of his new attempt at constitutional government.

The Italian Government respectfully declines further negotiations with France respecting the Roman question at present. The Government entertains some uneasiness about the Emancipation Societies; they are to be dissolved by law. But the Muratist party has been utterly unsuccessful at Naples, and all the information from the Southern Provinces is re-assuring. The Government is preparing energetic measures against brigandage. The concession of the new Sardinian railways has been granted to the firm of Semenza and Co., in London, with a premium of 200,000 hectares of land, and a guarantee to shareholders from the Government of 6 per cent. upon the revenue. In the Chamber of Deputies a Committee of Inquiry into the question of brigandage has been appointed. Baron Ricasoli and General Bixio are among the members of the Committee.

The anniversary of Prince Albert's death, on Sunday, gave rise to suitable regrets and reflections, which were enhanced by the publication this week of his "Memorials," noticed by us in another page. Before leaving Windsor Castle for Osborne, where she will stay the Christmas, her Majesty attended, on Wednesday, the consecration of the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. The Bishop of Oxford officiated, with the Deans of Windsor and Christchurch, and the vicar of Old Windsor. Prince Albert's mortal remains are now moved from St. George's Chapel to their final resting-place beneath the new dome at Frogmore.

The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 have given up the idea of a grand state ceremonial, at which the Prince of Wales had consented to preside, for the distribution of the prizes some day in the month of January. They find it impossible to provide for warming and lighting the huge edifice at South Kensington; and they will not trust the doubtful chance of getting a fine day in the depth of winter.

Archbishop Longley was solemnly enthroned over "All England" in the metropolitan cathedral of Canterbury on Friday; and Dr. Lushington, on Monday, sentenced two of the clerical authors of "Essays and Reviews" to one year's penal suspension from their offices and benefices in the Church. Counsel were again heard for the prosecution and for the defendants; an offer was made by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, on behalf of the Rev. Dr. Williams, to strike out some of the illegal phrases in his Essay, and to disavow or withdraw those passages which incautiously refer to the doctrines of propitiation and justification. The judge, however, considered that he could not take into account a verbal retraction; he had found the articles of accusation proven, and had a discretionary power in fixing the sentence; but he would not fix the term of suspension to continue until Dr. Williams should have retracted, lest this might cause a retraction which did not come from the heart. He then passed sentence against Dr. Williams and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, with costs. They appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council.

The Life Insurance Companies have been engaged in much litigation. An

action for libel, brought by Mr. Koenig, a merchant, formerly of the firm of Reis & Co., against Mr. Ritchie, manager of the Scottish Equitable Company, took several days at the Guildhall. Three years ago there was a little war of pamphlets between this office and Mr. Fowler, who had claimed £2,000, the value of a policy, assigned to him, upon the life of one Haire, agent for Reis & Co., in their African trade. The office had disputed its liability to pay, on the ground that Mr. Haire had violated the conditions of the policy by going to reside at a place beyond the prescribed limits. He died, in fact, at a place called Dar-el-Beida, or Casa Blanca, a port on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, about two hundred miles south-west of Gibraltar. The policy, which was taken out for him by the mercantile house he served, allowed him to visit Tangiers, or any of the other ports in the Mediterranean, but forbade him to go into the interior of Asia or of Africa, or to reside beyond three months at any place out of Europe. Mr. Koenig having been the person who negotiated with Mr. Cook, the late London agent of the Scottish Equitable, about the terms of his policy, his veracity was impugned in the pamphlet written by the manager of that Company, in answer to Mr. Fowler's pamphlet, on that particular case. Mr. Fowler himself had, after failing to recover on the policy, brought his own action for libel, which was compromised by the Company paying him £500. Mr. Koenig, for his part, complained that Mr. Ritchie had accused him, in the pamphlet, of making false and calumnious statements, and of swearing to evidence contradicted by his own written memorandum; besides which, there was an alleged verbal slander, in saying to a witness named Jones, that this was a case of gross fraud. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, after four days of it, said it was the most wearisome case he had ever tried. He had no sympathy with men, who, after having appealed to public opinion in the press, turned round, as soon as they were answered, and resorted to a court of law. It was like a man who knocked another down, and then, when he rose to fight him, called for the police. Mr. Fowler and Mr. Koenig had charged the directors of the Scottish Equitable with downright fraud; and they, or Mr. Ritchie on their behalf, had only striven to vindicate themselves. The jury, therefore, found a verdict for the defendant in this case. In the next case, the Manchester and London Life Insurance Company was sued for £1,000 upon the life of Mr. Henry Fowkes. It was disputed on the ground that he had obtained the policy by fraud, or by giving untrue answers to the questions asked him, and by suppressing a material fact, of which the Company ought to have been made aware. He had been asked, whether he was ever afflicted with gout, and he had answered "No." A medical man, who had attended him, stated that in May, 1858, two years before the policy was taken out, he had an extremely slight attack of suppressed gout, the slightest which the witness had ever seen; there were no active symptoms of gout; medicines were given to bring it out, and it came out in the great toe, but was all over in forty-eight hours. He was not sure whether he told Mr. Fowkes what it was. He believed, however, that when Mr. Fowkes died in June, 1861, he died of suppressed gout; since, in his illness in the previous March, he had been relieved by the gout coming out. But the question was, whether, before taking out the policy, Mr. Fowkes had had gout in a sensible, appreciable form. The second question was, whether he had answered untruly, when asked if his life had been proposed at any other office, and if it had been accepted. He said "Yes" to the former question, and "No" to the latter. The fact was, that he had proposed to two other offices, at one of which his life was declined, while at the other, it was accepted by the medical referee, but he did not go on with it. The jury, therefore, found that this answer was untrue, but not to his knowledge; and a verdict was entered for the plaintiff. In Vice-Chancellor Wood's Court, a policy-holder in the Medical, Invalid, and General Society, which has amalgamated with the Albert Life Assurance and Guarantee Company, sued the latter for a specific fulfilment of the compromise they had made with him, when he opposed their amalgamation. They agreed, then, to grant him new valid policies; and he contends now that the policies they offer him are not valid or binding upon the assets of the Albert Company, which has changed its title, by additions and omissions, as often as five times, having first appeared as the Freemasons' Company. The Vice-Chancellor, however, said that as it was not an incorporated company, but a mere partnership, it could alter its name as often as it pleased. The suit was, therefore, dismissed.

Mr. Bright has made a speech to his constituents at Birmingham, contending that the Lancashire distress is due to what he calls the stupid and wicked policy of our Indian Government, which has systematically strangled and destroyed the growth of cotton. He would now have all land in India, on which cotton is grown, exempted from land-tax for five years. Without this, he believes that our factory districts will be utterly ruined. He denounces more vehemently than ever the recognition of the Southern States, on the "infernal basis" of negro slavery.

## Reviews of Books.

GONGORA.\*

THE name of Gongora, like that of almost all the chief Spanish writers who flourished in the brightest period of the literature of that country, is not perhaps familiar to many of our readers. The fame of Cervantes is world-wide, and has been made immortal by the "Don Quixote;" but Lope de Vega and Calderon, who were his contemporaries, and enjoyed a greater reputation than he did during their lives, are now little known out of Spain, except to students of Spanish and dramatic literature, who are well acquainted with the unrivalled richness and the extraordinary fecundity of the genius and the inventive powers of these two great men. The attention of English readers has been, from time to time, called to them by short translations of some parts of their prolific writings; and a few years ago Dean Trench published a translation of the greater part of one of the plays of Calderon, accompanied by an essay on the genius of that writer. We fear, however,

\* Gongora: an Historical and Critical Essay on the Times of Philip III. and IV. of Spain, with Translations. By Archdeacon Churton. Two vols. London: John Murray.

that that scholarly and useful little book is not as well known as it deserves to be.

Gongora was another of the contemporaries of Cervantes, and was held in the highest esteem as one of their most distinguished writers by the Spaniards of his own days. Gongora was not a dramatic author; his writings consist of sonnets, ballads, satirical, elegiac, and other poems. He never published anything during his life, but contented himself with reading what he wrote to his friends. It was not till after his death that his literary remains were collected and published. Gongora has been very severely criticised by some of his contemporaries as well as by writers up to our own day, for having introduced into Spain a style of writing which had been rendered popular in Italy by Marini. Lope de Vega, his contemporary, ridiculed this style, but, strangely enough, afterwards adopted it in one or two of his plays. Le Sage, in "Gil Blas," picking up his notions from the Spanish comedian, says that some of Gongora's censurers compared his style to the verses which the Sabian priests sang in their processions, which no one could understand, and that it was its very virtue to be unintelligible; and Mr. Ticknor, in his work on "Spanish Literature," is very severe on him for, what he calls, "the extravagance and confusion of his metaphysics and his occasional obscurity!" Archdeacon Churton has, however, come to the rescue of Gongora, and has, in two very beautifully-printed volumes, given us very copious translations, in verse, of his various poems, accompanied by an essay on his writings, which modifies very much the censures passed on him by others. He does not pretend to defend all the obscurities and extravagance into which Gongora occasionally falls, but reminds us that Gongora never wrote anything for publication; that his extravagant and hyperbolic phrases, when he makes use of them, are to be found, for the most part, in complimentary verses addressed to some friend; that he never meant to rest his fame on these effusions, but only wished to please and gratify the person to whom they were dedicated; and that he could not well, in compositions of that sort and character, fail to make use of language which had become popular in Italy and Spain by the writings of Marini. "A very little acquaintance," says he, "with his composition will evince that these faults of extravagance, obscurity, and profusion of ornament, belong, comparatively, to a small portion of them; and to set against them there are others which may well assert his claim to a place among great poets and men of pre-eminent and original powers." In one of the passages which Mr. Ticknor selects to show what he calls the violence and extravagance of Gongora, where he says of a rustic bride that she was "so beautiful that she might parch Norway with her two suns, and bleach Ethiopia with her two hands;" we agree with the translator in thinking him not only somewhat hypercritical, but even unfair to Gongora in turning his poetry into the most prosaic prose. Few poets of fancy could stand such an ordeal; it is like turning Schiller's "Pegasus" to the stonecart. These lines, when rendered into English verse by Archdeacon Churton, are not very out of the way:—

"Her twin-born sunbright eyes  
Might turn to summer Norway's wintry skies,  
And the white wonder of her snowy hand  
Blanch with surprise the sons of Æthiopian land."

The innovation of style introduced by Gongora into Spanish composition has been called "cultismo," or "the cultivated style." There existed in his days a host of easy and careless writers, with whose shambling love rhymes he was with good reason dissatisfied, and sought to establish as a principle the nice point of poetic diction. He went occasionally too far, it is true, in fantastic innovation, but the severity of Mr. Ticknor's criticism is unjust. The poem which he condemns most strongly is the Polyphemus. It never was a favourite even with the contemporaries of the author, and has been often severely criticised by others; but the terms in which Mr. Ticknor speaks of it exceed all bounds, and make us doubt the soundness of his powers as a critic. The one-eyed giant of the "Odyssey" is by no means a prosaic subject, and a writer who, in treating of such a hero, indulges somewhat in the vein of exaggeration, has fair claims not to be handled too roughly if he gives a looser rein than ordinary to his language.

"There are certain subjects in poetry," as the translator in his very fair criticism says, "to which the figure of hyperbole has always been considered properly applicable; and when it is properly applied, scarcely any other figure is more amusing or more attractive to young wits which have any sense of humour. To a foreign critic, like Sismondi, whose imperfect perception of the meaning of Gongora prevented him from suspecting anything humorous in the gigantic picture which he draws, it is no wonder if the poem appeared destitute of interest. But Mr. Ticknor is as well acquainted with the classic giant of the 'Odyssey,' and Ovid and Theocritus, as with the giants of romance, and he knows what every English schoolboy knows, that a pleasant vein of exaggeration is the approved mode of playing with the children of such monstrous birth, wherever they are exhibited in poetry."

More than half of this poem is faithfully and closely translated by Archdeacon Churton into Spenserian stanzas, so that the reader may judge for himself whether the criticisms passed on it by Mr. Ticknor are fair. We do not give any extracts from this poem, for it does not interest us, and we do not think it likely to interest any of our readers.

The Soledades or Solitary Musings, another of the poems, has also been severely criticised, and with more justice, for it is in parts exceedingly obscure. Persons and things are spoken of in phrases so enigmatical, as to require the aid of a commentary to understand them. It is a study for the ingenious, but the difficulty of making out the meaning does not repay the trouble. Very fine passages are, however, to be found in it. The following description of a party riding out to fly their hawks, will give as fair a specimen as can be afforded of this singular poem. The translation, as will be at once seen, is extremely good:—

"From that gray fortress on the wood-crowned hill  
A clanging hoarse-toned trumpet echoed round,  
Now distant, now more near, perplexing still,  
Till, the high gate unbarring at the sound,  
A ponderous draw-bridge fell, and led across  
The deep and narrow foss  
A glancing troop of horsemen, armed to dare  
Fierce battle with the tribes of air.  
A charm it was to see: a charm to hear  
That crowd: so thronged, yet orderly they were;  
So pleasant was the sound,

As from the portal down the steep they wound,  
In bright array, as oft in chase is seen,  
In sylvan liveries green,  
Not mute but vocal: on fleet chargers borne,  
Whose horsehoofs seemed the trampled ground to scorn.  
Then foremost of them all, a fiery steed,  
The wanton Zephyr's breed,  
Upraising to the sun his forehead wide,  
While in his joy and pride,  
Like flame the neesings from his nostrils broke,  
Once and again with loud rejoicing neigh,  
Hailed the fresh morning's ray.  
The coursers toiling with the yoke,  
The red-roan coursers and the bay  
That drew the ascending car of day  
Far on the ecliptic road that hail could hear,  
And sent an answering sound from heaven's high crystal sphere."

The neighing of the horses of Aurora in the last line is somewhat too extravagant, it is true, but it is not an unpleasing extravagance.

Gongora was, it is evident, somewhat disappointed at the reception which these two poems met with at the hands of his critic, for he has left two or three sonnets on the subject, which have been admirably translated by Archdeacon Churton. In the one on the Polyphemus, he treats those who could not comprehend it with a sort of merry banter, but he seemed to feel more deeply the rejection of the Solitary Musings. We give the former, as it is in a happy vein of satire:—

"My gallant youth, the sea maids' one-eyed lover,  
Walked forth upon the pavement of Madrid,  
When such a pack of curs as ne'er lay hid  
In hamlet rude, to vex some harmless rover,  
Came round him, with a noise like whelps in cover.  
Pedants, and those who rail as pedants bid.  
My goat-herd brave the causeway-path bestrid,  
Snorting and whistling like a startled plover;  
Then drove them with his thundering voice away:  
'They tell me I'm obscure,' I heard him say,  
'If ever their lean wits land upon my coast,  
I'll help them to the light that they desire;  
Their paper trash shall serve to make my fire,  
At which their critic limbs I'll grill and roast.'"

With the exception of one or two sonnets, the Polyphemus and the Solitary Musings are the only two of the poems of Gongora which are open to the censure of an over-ornamented kind of diction; and even all his critics, from Lope de Vega down to Mr. Ticknor, have praised in the very highest terms the natural grace and beauty of many of his earlier poems. "One of his lyrical ballads," says Mr. Ticknor, "beginning

"The loveliest maiden  
Our village has known,  
Only yesterday wed,  
To-day, widowed, alone,"

contains an admirably natural expression of grief by a young bride to her mother on the occasion of her husband being suddenly called to the wars. Another, yet more lyrical, which begins,—

"Ye fresh and soft breezes  
That new for the spring,  
Unfold your bright garlands,  
Sweet violets bring,"

is again full of gentle tenderness.

Gongora was a true-hearted and ardent patriot, as will be seen from his ode on the Spanish Armada, which was written contemporaneously with the departure of the fleet, and when he was about twenty-six years old. The way in which he speaks in one of the stanzas of Elizabeth is amusing, though by no means flattering:—

"O, island, once so Catholic and strong,  
Fortress of Faith, now Heresy's foul shrine,  
Camp of train'd war, and wisdom's sacred school:  
The time hath been, such majesty was thine,  
The lustre of thy crown was first in song.  
Now the dull weeds that spring by Stygian pool  
Were fitting wreath for thee. Land of the rule  
Of Arthurs, Edwards, Henries! where are they?  
Their mother where, rejoicing in their sway,  
Firm in the strength of Faith? To lasting shame  
Condemned, through guilty blame  
Of her, who rules thee now.  
O, hateful Queen, so hard of heart and brow;  
Wanton by turns, and cruel, fierce, and lewd,  
Thou dost offend on the throne, true virtue's bane,  
Wolf-like in every mood,  
May Heaven's just flame on thy false tresses rain!"

The last line of this stanza, it may be remarked, is taken from Petrarch, and stands, mixed with the Spanish, in its native Italian.

The whole of the ode or sonnet from which this stanza is selected is, like almost all his sonnets, very fine. The difficulty we feel is to make a selection when so many are good. "There are among them," as the translator well remarks, "some of the finest, most vigorous, spirited, and solemn lines that have ever been thrown into this form of poetry; others are full of beauty and tenderness; those on lighter subjects are often struck off with an easy flow of wit and humour, both pleasing and original. No student of Spanish literature should be unacquainted with them." His ode on the death of the good Philip III. contains many stanzas of great beauty and feeling. We select one of them as a specimen:—

"A mighty king lies here: his ashes sleep  
Beneath this stately mound;  
Lo, the recording marble seems to weep,  
And sculptured forms are bending round;  
Religion mourns, at whose sustaining breast  
Devotion and young zeal, her twin-born children rest."

As an instance of the versatility of Gongora, as well as of the skill with which the translator has clothed him in an English dress, we cite a letter in the form of a sonnet to his aunt, descriptive of the winning of Mamora:—

"I landed at Mamora, my dear aunt,  
And through the morning mist so pale and wan  
I sped, well armed with pike and partisan.  
A morris rabble, nothing militant,  
Our warlike plumes, finding no foe to daunt,  
Went waving o'er the shore; each busy man  
From all Spain's provinces to forage ran,  
To fry veal cutlets, or with water scant  
To furnish his canteen. One level'd smooth  
The hostile ground,—to sleep, when work was done.  
One more awake, on biscuit hard and stony,  
Worked like a pioneer. But, by my troth,  
Fort, save of our own raising, I saw none.  
Mamora. Wednesday. From your nephew Johnny."

The "Love in Reason" is a humorous and witty ballad. Its moral is, perhaps, truer in our own days than in those of the author:—

"I love thee: but let love be free:  
I do not ask,—I would not learn,—  
What scores of rival hearts for thee  
Are breaking, or in anguish burn.  
  
We love; but 'tis the simplest case;  
The faith, on which our hands have met  
Is fixed, as wax on deeds of grace,  
To hold as grace but not as debt.  
  
For well I wot, that now-a-days  
Love's conquering bow is soonest bent  
By him, whose valiant hand displays  
The largest roll of yearly rent.  
  
Venus has changed her mode of life:  
No more a laughter-loving goddess,

She dresses like a banker's wife,  
In Genoese black hood and boddice:  
  
And Cupid, tired of old misrule,  
With Mars's drummer-boys and fifers,  
Behind a counter on a stool,  
Sits plodding o'er a sum in ciphers:  
  
A tailor's suit he learns to wear,  
With wings of pointed lace he flies:  
And he, who once could live on air,  
Now sups on turkeys and mince-pies.  
  
So let us follow in the fashion:  
Let love be gentle, mild, and cool:  
For these are not the days of passion,  
But calculation's sober rule."

The sonnet addressed to the Guadalquivir is a fine ode, full of richness of language, spirit, and harmony:—

"Lord of the subject floods, so strong, so fair,  
Bright heir of fame, of waters crystalline,  
Whose brows a garland rude of sturdy pine  
Hath girdled, and thy wavy streaming hair:  
When from thy rock-built nest in cavern bare  
Thou leavest cold Segura's mountain side,  
And, proudly foaming, royally doest ride  
To Andalusian vales, and summer air:  
Tell me, while on thy fruitful banks I stray,  
Rapt with thy wondrous beauty, yet with awe,  
That bids my feet thy bright sands softly press;  
Of all the village maidens fair as day,  
Imaged in thee, if e'er thy waters saw  
A grace to vie with Clara's loveliness."

We have noticed at such length, and have made so many extracts from the sonnets, that we are able to do no more than mention the romances or ballads, and the songs for the guitar. These, perhaps, are more peculiarly Castilian than any of his poems, and all the critics have universally allowed the great merits of Gongora in this kind of composition. "He was quite a king," said Quintana, a Spanish critic, "in his romances; never had any one written before with such grace, such brilliancy, and such true poetry." They are admirably translated by Archdeacon Churton, but they are so thoroughly national in spirit and character, that they will perhaps not interest English readers as much as the sonnets. The selections we have given will serve to show the expressive and vigorous way in which Archdeacon Churton has done his work as a translator. Our difficulty has been in making a selection where all is so good.

#### THE YANG-TSZE.\*

It is interesting, and not uninteresting, to watch the manner in which events are chronicled in this country. We are always a day too late. We have an unfortunate way of rushing headlong into great green bogs of enthusiasm and sympathy for some cause, the rights of which we know nothing about; and then, when the crisis is over, and other nations are beginning to learn about something new, we are deluged with works of learning on the past, and begin to know about what we ought to have known months before. There is almost a touch of satire in the disproportion between our knowledge and our sympathies. Eighteen months ago the whole country was pervaded with a wild unreasoning enthusiasm for Italian and Hungarian liberty. Both men and women would argue by the hour upon the subject. Liberals in opinion would not believe a word spoken on the other side. That vague sympathy was a very admirable feeling on the part of the country, and happened to be justified by the facts, when they were known; but on what was it originally founded? On absolutely no facts, and hardly any definite information. So with regard to China. We have all held views of some kind or another upon the revolutions there. We have sympathized with the Taepings, or at least our lady-politicians have, and we have held very critical opinions on the moral character of the Imperialists; but we have been sympathizing on no reliable information. Until quite lately we have had literally nothing to go upon, except some uncorroborated statements of too credulous missionaries, to the effect that some thousands of English tracts, strewn almost at hap-hazard upon the shores of the Yellow Sea, had wrought a moral reformation in the minds of a vast multitude of men, and that these men were commencing a material revolution throughout the whole of China, which would eventuate in the destruction of idolatry, and the triumph of Christianity and peace. Hence all who put their trust in tracts became enthusiastic for the Taepings. The last few weeks have brought forth four or five books on China which give a very different view of the vitality of things in that country. They give the information which we ought to have had many months ago. "They do these things better abroad." They get their facts, and feel their way, and then they sympathize and act. We form our opinions, and get enthusiastic, and prepare to act, and then we get our facts. We do not begin by getting rid of prejudices, and forming our theories upon our facts, but, in a somewhat illogical method, we lay in a fine stock of prejudices, and over them a stock of theories, and on the top of all we heap on the facts. Anybody who has watched the effect of the China news on this country during the last few years, and will now take the trouble to read some of the recent books on China, will acknowledge the truth of these remarks.

Among these books the most interesting is certainly that of Captain Blakiston, of the Royal Artillery. He and three other gentlemen, Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Sarel, 17th Lancers; Dr. Alfred Barton; and the Rev. S. Schereschewsky, of the American Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, availing themselves of a favourable clause in the Treaty of Tien-tsin, determined on making an expedition up the Yang-tsze river, from its mouth to its sources in Tibet, and thence across the Himalayas, by what may one day become a regular land route into North-Western India. They spent five months upon the river, from February, 1861, till the beginning of July, and penetrated over eighteen hundred miles into the interior of the Celestial

\* Five Months on the Yang-Tsze; with a Narrative of the Exploration of its Upper Waters, and Notices of the Present Rebellions in China. By Thomas W. Blakiston, late Captain Royal Artillery. Illustrated from sketches by Alfred Barton, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S., with Maps by Arrowsmith. London: John Murray. 1862.

Kingdom, into unknown countries, and among people who had never seen an European except some few Jesuit missionaries who had wandered up the river disguised as natives. They penetrated as far as Ping-shan, and then had to return, owing to the disturbed state of the Western Provinces and the rooted disinclination of their own servants to leave their country. As far as the Tung-ting Lake, some 800 miles up the river, they went in company with Admiral Hope's expedition, from which British consuls were established at the free ports. From thence to I-chang, 150 miles higher up, and which Captain Blakiston pronounces to be the highest points to which any steamers—or "Barbarian Devil-ships," as the more imaginative of the tract-converted natives call them—that are now in China can hope to reach. They travelled in a large flat-bottomed vessel, some eighty feet long by ten wide, not unlike an ordinary Nile boat either in appearance or arrangement. Though not so comfortably fitted up as those luxurious conveyances in which our countrymen and countrywomen delight to hybernate, Captain Blakiston's junk, as described by himself, suggests no ideas of "roughing it." On the contrary, "soups, sauces, beer, wine, brandy, and a *maitre de cuisine*" intrude themselves in a modest and pleasing manner, and just often enough to raise ideas that there might be worse places than a flat-bottomed junk on the Yang-tsze, in company with a couple of officers on leave. From I-chang upwards they had a rather less commodious vessel, "a Sz'chuan passenger junk;" and it was shortly after leaving I-chang that the first symptoms of the failure of their expedition began to manifest themselves. About the centre of one of the longest and most picturesque of the gorges which are common on the upper river, and which, judging by the illustrations of Dr. Barton, are strikingly beautiful, there is the boundary between the provinces of Hoopoh and Sz'chuan. From this point dates the discontent of their servants. They heard such marvellous stories from the boatmen who were natives that they seemed to look upon entering Sz'chuan as "the commencement of a pilgrimage in a foreign land." From that moment they began to throw difficulties in the way of the explorers. They always chimed in with all objections that were raised by mandarins or boat-skippers or others, against their further progress. They became sick one after another, and generally made themselves disagreeable. This was the beginning of their failure. Higher up, at Chung-King, one of the most important cities in a commercial point of view in China, and the most important in the fertile province of Sz'chuan, the whole party were in imminent danger of being massacred. A plot was formed by the Imperial soldiers to murder them while dining with the Catholic missionaries, and it was only by the timely warning of these worthy men that they escaped. The motives that impelled the "Imperial braves" to this act were two-fold: for the sake of plunder, as a report had got abroad that the explorers carried an immense amount of valuables along with them, and for the sake of revenge of a somewhat peculiar description. It was believed apparently that a "squeeze," or tax, was to be instituted to pay off the expenses of the war against the Allies, and that the exploring party was the advanced guard of a large army of Europeans who were coming up the river to enforce the payment of the ransom money for the war. When they arrived at Chung-King a large number of people were collected from the neighbouring districts for the public examination, and these rumours circulating among them made them only too willing to look with favour upon any violent act on the part of the "braves." By good management and a display of judicious firmness the explorers escaped, but this incident did not tend to dissipate any forebodings on the part of the servants. We are pretty well prepared, therefore, to hear that the expedition was destined to be unsuccessful. Capt. Blakiston seems to feel the failure very deeply, and it is little to be wondered at. It must have been a sad disappointment to have to turn the vessel homewards and renounce all hopes of accomplishing what he appears to have had so much at heart. He describes their ultimate decision in the following language:—

"Now the question arose, if we wanted to get to Tibet, how were we to do it? It was very evident that Sü-chow was the sticking-point; if we were to get on, we must pass Sü-chow, and, what was more, we must get to Ching-tu, the capital of the province of Sz'chuan, for there resided the Viceroy of Sz'chuan and Tibet, without whose aid it was hardly possible to get through the country, it being to him that letters of credit, if I may so call them, had been sent concerning us by the Viceroy at Hankow. If we could not get any one to accompany us overland, then we must continue our progress by water. But how could we proceed by water if the boatmen refused to go? To force them was impossible. What was to be done? No one could answer the question. At last a happy idea struck one of the party, namely, that if we selected a small-sized junk, just sufficient to hold the necessary part of our baggage, we might manage to get such a boat up ourselves; and, putting things in the worst light, there were but two hundred miles intervening between us and the capital, and at most it could not take us over three weeks. Three weeks, then, of coolie work would carry us through the difficulty; but probably, when we once got amongst the rebels (if we ever saw them at all, which I very much doubted), they would be equally anxious to do day-labour for a certain amount of cash as any other Chinamen, and we might really have very little manual labour ourselves. With regard to danger from the rebels, it was urged that if they proved hostile, which was most unlikely, except with the view of plunder, we could always push off into the stream, and find our own way down again. The proposition was made one evening, and the vote was to be taken next morning at breakfast.

"Perhaps the less I say on this subject the better; I might be led away to say more than I wish. It will suffice to state that the heat of the weather, incapacity for hard work, the impossibility of the scheme, and, what seems only just then to have dawned on some minds, the loss of valuable time during a winter which would certainly have had to be spent to the north of the Himalayas, were urged against the proposition; the black ball was cast."

They got with much difficulty a little further, to Ping-shan, and had to leave it suddenly, owing to a night attack made upon it by the rebels. Even then they did not give up all hopes of getting to Tibet, but the prospect of spending a long winter on the north side of the Himalayas and the difficulties in their way of getting through the west of China, more than counterbalanced their chances of success, and so they reluctantly determined to return.

This expedition, which, unsuccessful though it was, cannot but command our admiration from its novelty and boldness, has been, on the whole, well narrated by Captain Blakiston. It might, perhaps, have been more lively and less like a moving panorama without the music or the pictures and dissolving lights, but what is lost in vividness of description and variety of

incident is probably more than made up by painstaking truthfulness. We should have liked Captain Blakiston to have described some more scenes in Chinese social life, to have given us some illustrations of their character, to have made us realize a little more distinctly that we were on an unknown river in the interior of China, and not, as we might have been, going so many miles a day in so many fathoms of water on any river under the sun. We should have liked him to have been less conscientiously afraid of giving any kind of information about China that has ever been given by anybody before. Not that we recommend a consistent system of plagiarism, but it would be a great matter if writers on little known countries would not take for granted that the general reader is master of all the books and all the special information that they have at their command. The general reader, as a rule, is a very ignorant animal, and a great deal that would appear old to the author would be very new to the reader. However, if "Five Months on the Yang-tse" is a little monotonous, it is full of valuable information on a good many subjects, and it reflects great credit upon its author, both for the self-imposed task of surveying this river, which some years hence must become a most important highway for traffic into the interior of Asia, and for the trouble he has taken in compiling what information he acquired.

The part of the book that a reader returns to with most pleasure, is the short account of the Taepings in Nanking. Their insurrection, the nominal object of which was the regeneration of the empire on so called Christian principles, commenced in the southern province of Kwang-si in the autumn of 1850. They gradually spread northward through the province of Hoo-nan, and thence descending the Yang-tze, captured Nan-king on the 19th of March, 1853, and now they possess an extent of fertile territory about the size of England and Wales taken together, which at one time supported a population of 70,000,000 souls.

The originator of the movement is Tien-wang, the Heavenly King, who was educated at a Protestant missionary school in the south of China. His education, commenced under such favourable auspices, produced no adequate result. He frequently failed to pass his necessary examinations, and no particular intellectual excellency has been attained, except a talent for original and unprecedented blasphemy. He is apparently a bloodthirsty savage and an uncompromising sinner, and, like the Irishman whose claims for the post of tide-waiter rested on his possessing "wonderful powers of denunciation combined with the wildest humour," the Heavenly King's fitness for the office of regenerator of China rests on his powers of blasphemy and his almost sublime ferocity. "I am not a missionary," says Mr. Forrest, who is quoted by the author, "and can consequently give only a lay opinion, which, however, is strong and well founded, that Tien-wang's Christianity is nothing but the rank blasphemy of a lunatic, and the profession of religion by his followers a laughable mockery and a farce."

"The other day he ordered his chiefs to take unto themselves more wives against his next birthday. 'Adam was right in the beginning to take one wife,' says he, 'but I know better now and tell you to take ten.' He is equal to the Son according to his older documents, but more recently he always makes the Father, Son, Himself, and the Young Lord, all equal. He has dismissed the Third Person of the Trinity, after vainly endeavouring to incarnate it in the person of Tung-wang, the most bloodthirsty of all the Kings. He seems to me to luxuriate in heterodoxy, flinging, while so doing, proclamations and books about like a wizard throwing flowers from a hat; when the fit is over he will correspond on yellow satin with any missionary, whether Churchman, Dissenter, or Papist, and perhaps accompany his missive with a bolt of silk, and be quite submissive."

Under such a leader and in such a cause, what is to become of China? That is a question capable of many theoretical solutions, but of only one practical solution, and that must be the result of time. This is not the first occasion that the Celestial Kingdom has been shaken to its very foundations by wide-spread and ferociously conducted revolutions. At one time there were twenty-one distinct convulsions raging at the same time throughout the empire, now there are only four, yet it has risen to the surface above them all. "Things are governed in China by rules that we do not understand. But the springs of vitality which have enabled China to trace her way through political convulsions as bad as the present, and to exist as a powerful empire through such a series of years as makes our European dynasties look small enough, are not yet exhausted." For the future the more sanguine among her supporters are not desponding. "But I know this," says Mr. Forrest, "that there is much hope; that English prosperity and rule manifested in many mercantile houses in Hankow, Kiukiang, Shanghai, and elsewhere, are silently becoming the umpires in the celestial struggle; for round such beacons the tired Chinese will cluster and re-form their strength. But this restoration will be fatal to both the Manchoo and Taeping dynasties sooner or later. In the meanwhile, looking on the mighty highway,—the silvery track of the great river, where the forerunners and pioneers of coming peace are going and returning,—I anxiously await the time when the tide of disorder shall have flowed by."

#### BOOKS FOR BOYS.\*

An inquisitive and ingenious visitor once asked a very little fellow of our acquaintance, "What does your papa like best?" "Men and books," was his prompt reply. "And what do *you* like best?" was the next inquiry. "I like boys," said he, with no less candour than decision. He was no great reader; the alphabetical rudiments of literature were as yet his only lore. But with such an eye for the parental example, he would be likely, a

\* Kingston's Annual for Boys. 1863. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.  
Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. An Original Miscellany of Entertaining Literature. Edited by Edmund Routledge. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.  
The Boy's Country Book. Edited by William Howitt. New Edition. A. W. Bennett.  
The Wild Man of the West, a Tale of the Rocky Mountains. By R. M. Ballantyne. Routledge and Co.  
Our Soldiers; or, Anecdotes of the Campaigns and Gallant Deeds of the British Army in the Reign of Queen Victoria. By W. H. G. Kingston. Griffith and Farran.  
Our Sailors; or, Anecdotes of the British Navy. By W. H. G. Kingston. Griffith and Farran.  
Eton College Modern Atlas, consisting of 34 Maps, from the most recent and best authorities, with an index of 32,000 names. E. P. Williams, Eton; and Bride Court, Blackfriars.  
A Chat with the Boys on New Year's Eve. By Old Merry. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.  
The Shilling Entertaining Library. Edited for the Young by J. S. Laurie. No. 1, Gulliver's Travels; No. 2, Robinson Crusoe; No. 3, Christmas Tales. Longmans.

few years later, to find his own pleasure likewise in books. It is worth a little consideration, what sort of books he would fancy. Would he prefer to read about boys like himself, or, with his father, to study the world of grown-up men? Dr. Johnson had a theory about this, from which Miss Edgeworth dissented. "Babies," he said, "do not care to read the history of babies like themselves;" they were more interested, as he judged, in tales of big people,—of very big people,—princes, heroes, and giants. The authoress of "Frank," and of "The Parent's Assistant," held a contrary opinion. Those clever little fictions were designed, not indeed for babies, but for children, on the presumption that they receive the same kind of gratification from pictures of the social life of the nursery and school, that older novel-readers and theatre-goers derive from the mirror of human nature in dramatic art. Yet we should not hastily conclude that our boy, who liked the free companionship of other boys rather than a shy and reserved conversation with his seniors, would therefore be indifferent to stories of adult life. The young mind is eminently idealist; and the ideal of boyish imagination is to be six feet high, with all the supposed privileges and immunities that maturity of stature may claim. At least from ten to fifteen years of age, the engrossing question often revolved in the silent solitude of a boy's self-conscious ambition, is this:—"What am I going to be?" With his untried faculties of mind and body, he thinks himself not incapable of becoming fit to do whatever can be done by man. He dreams that he will be masterly and excellent in any line of effort he is allowed to choose. He is incessantly comparing the distinctions, the accomplishments of every calling of manhood. Generous and unworldly in his estimate of those advantages, he inquires not which is the best way to get money, but which occupation may give most scope to the undeveloped powers that he feels within himself. Probably, in the first instance, his fresh physical energies, with that combative vehemence which, for the purpose of self-preservation, is an original motive of our nature, prompt him to be a huntsman and a soldier. "Arms and the man, I sing," is the strain which stirs his little spirit from the first day when a toy-sword is slung at his waistband, or a cross-bow, or even a pop-gun, trusted to his tiny hand. War and the chase are the only employments deemed worthy of manhood by savage tribes; and while the young Christian is passing through the infancy of his individual civilization, he cares for no other pursuits. The reckless little marksman, ambushed behind a half-open door, lets fly with pea-shooters, or spring-pistols, or the more formidable bow and arrows, at everybody who goes about the house, excepting, perhaps, his mamma. Those perilous playthings, which threaten the panes of window-glass and all the eyes in the family, are the tokens by which he realises many a famous chapter of martial history or romance. He is Nimrod, or Esau; or he is Phœbus Apollo; or he is Robin Hood, or William Tell. Supposing him to be eight or nine years old, and precociously fond of reading, he will have stored up a whole armoury of imitative tools of warfare, belonging to different nations and ages. We have known such a boy, who, poring over Pope's "Iliad," and charmed with the emulous chivalry of Greece and Troy, provided himself, like Don Quixote, with a pasteboard helmet and a dish-cover shield, with a spear made by fixing a large nail at the end of a mop-stick, and mounting the baby-carriage, which his brothers were yoked to draw, careered thrice round the garden, reciting a truculent menace against the citadel of Ilium; after which his dreadful javelin hurtled through the air, and stuck quivering in the panel of an outhouse door. We doubt not, therefore, that Mr. Kingston has catered rightly for puerile predilections, in collecting histories of war-like adventure for the reading of boys. As their limbs will gather muscle, and as their chests increase in width, it is to be hoped that the youth whom he inspires in 1862 with ideas of martial hardihood will fill the volunteer battalions of 1872. But to boys, impatient of the discipline and strategy of regular military operations, the reading most attractive is tales of guerrilla warfare, especially where the scene is laid in a wild country, infested with savage beasts of prey as well as with savage human foes. Captain Mayne Reid, treading in the footsteps of Fenimore Cooper, the Walter Scott of the American Continent, whose "Hawk-eye" or "Leatherstocking" was so captivating to juvenile admiration, may have won the favour of many of those boys, now tall and stout, who are wielding the Enfield rifle in our unpaid patriotic corps. Mr. Kingston's capital "Annual," with an immense variety of other matter suitable to the youthful taste, gives a large share of this sort of entertainment; and the "Rambles of Tom Bainbridge," carried, in eight lively chapters, through a hundred moving accidents by flood and field, among the snags and slave-hunters of the Mississippi, among the rattlesnakes and scalping Indians of the Far West, among the cruel pirates of the Mexican Gulf, afford a plentiful treat of that kind. But, for a still ampler provision of the romance of North-American adventure, here is Mr. Ballantyne's "Wild Man of the West," which forms a good part of the miscellaneous contents of Routledge's "Every Boy's Annual," but is printed also in a separate volume. On the outside cover of this "Tale of the Rocky Mountains," we are greeted by the exciting spectacle of Mad March Marston riding a ferocious buffalo like mad. The extraordinary youngster who achieves this feat in the nineteenth page of his biography, excelling Mr. Waterton in his ride upon the cayman's back, rushes through a series of combats, adventures, and escapes, which few boys are permitted to encounter. When he stood but two-foot-ten, rising eight years of age in his shoes,—if he wore any, as the child of a backwoodsman, on the banks of the Yellowstone, probably did not,—this brave little unlicked cub astonished his careful mother by announcing his intention to attack and lick a grisly bear. Poor Mrs. Marston, whose husband had forsaken her, felt it right to discourage her little son's propensity for fighting; yet when his scamper on the buffalo had proved his strength and courage as a stripling of sixteen, she let him start, as he was minded, to find the mysterious dwelling of the "Wild Man of the West." We need not spoil the pleasure of this story for any boy readers of our journal, by revealing prematurely who the Wild Man was, or where and how he lived; or by telling them what a present young March brought home to his forlorn mother, and what a treasure he won for himself. Young hearts, which delight in such romances as this, may flutter as they guess that the natural conclusion of a tale of manly valour is the gift of a sweet maiden's love. Without a soothing infusion of this gentle sentiment, the untempered fury of so wild a story might have provoked too dangerously the fiercer passions of our British youth. We cannot allow the boys to ride on buffaloes, in this part of the

world, though Mr. Howitt tells us that, in the absence of, ponies and dangers, they will ride on pigs or goats, or on the patient domestic dog. We have no backwoods for them where they may go and kill bears; and we promise him a thrashing, nine times over, who dares ever think of trying to kill the nine-lived cat. All are not so lucky as to be bred up with Mr. Howitt's country boys, in the fields and rural lanes, where ratting, fishing, and birds'-nesting are practicable sports; they must learn to check the inborn propensity for destroying life. Yet their time may come, as steady and stalwart men, to stand with ready rifle before the tawny man-eater in a jungle of the Dehra-Doon, or better still, in presence of the embattled myriads of England's foes. Meantime, we do not grudge them such a feast of noble rage as, in the wilder narratives of this year's Annuals, Mr. Kingston and Mr. Routledge have judiciously set before them. As for the other incidents of life in the wilderness,—such as galloping over the boundless prairies—bivouacking in the bushes and caves—paddling in birch-bark canoes on lake or river—climbing of tall trees to scan the untrodden distance—finding and shooting of game—cooking and eating of the wildest meats,—these are matters with which it is most desirable to make our boys familiar, in an age when thousands of them must go up into the valleys of British Columbia or the Australian Bush, to clear the forest and to build the English settlement for the profit of ages to come.

This brings us to another remark, from which our notice of the fascinating books has diverted us, upon the subject, before noticed, of the natural tendency of boyish thoughts. Next, perhaps, to the mere passion for fighting and hunting, which every healthy and high-spirited urchin betrays in his earliest sports, he is pretty sure to manifest a desire to travel, both by land and sea. This desire, largely partaking of intellectual curiosity, seeking to become acquainted with strange scenes, and thus to know the world—ah! in a sense very different from that other knowledge of the world, on which the spoiled heart at twenty-five will rely,—is one of the most promising movements of the brisk young mind. Set a child to look at some maps,—all the maps in any atlas you may possess will not suffice him. Here is a good one, no plaything for babes, but a real study for advanced Eton schoolboys; yet we will back any intelligent child, long before he can spell its outlandish inscriptions, to follow, with genuine pleasure, its fine outlines of accurate geography, and to make more inquiries than we can quickly answer about the diverse countries, so prettily coloured, which its thirty-four pages display. Shut the atlas, lest his fingers should soil it, but give him paper and a pencil; in half an hour, as though he had "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," he will have drawn you a fabulous continent, with deeply indented coast, with inland seas, gulfs, islands, and rivers, with Utopian kingdoms and cities of a fairy architecture only known to his busy little brain. This, if you leave it to work by itself, with such a notion of national histories as he may have got from Miss Corner's manuals of England, Greece, and Rome,—or from the Old Testament narratives, in the grandeur of their primitive simplicity, unimpaired to his apprehension by Bishop Colenso's arithmetical distress,—will form a New World, peopled by his teeming fancy, and portioned into various States, whose political and military movements he alone can tell. Such was the favourite amusement of that grown-up child, poor Hartley Coleridge, after he had reached man's estate, when he seemed almost to persuade himself of the real existence of his visionary realms. This terrestrial globe is actually not large enough or sufficiently varied,—though we read all the books of travel that ever were written,—for the roaming fancy of youth. Sagas and satirists, as a vehicle for their wit or wisdom, have chosen to use that fictitious geography which agreeably wafts the mind to Atlantis, or to Lilliput or Laputa, that with grateful docility it may yield to the spell of their genius. None of us need be ashamed to own that we are diverted with romance of this description, although it be as devoid of a moral as the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Tuflongbo, in his adventurous journey through those regions of wonder in which ogres and chimeras abound, has a more serious object in view; but in waiting a future occasion to notice the satire, we may refer to the invention by which it is conveyed, as a fresh example of this class of fiction. The editors of the two Boys' Annuals, which are named here in our list, have rather preferred to consult the boyish craving for geographical novelties by giving truthful accounts of the exploration, by recent travellers, of many remote and uncivilized lands. This, also, is a pleasant, as well as a very useful sort of reading; and, aided by the woodcuts (some of which, like those from Mr. Atkinson's "Travels on the Amoor," lent by the publishers of that interesting narrative, are admirable in design and execution), Mr. Kingston manages to present the boys with many of the most picturesque and stirring passages from the best books of that kind we have lately had. To see that mighty leap of the Siberian stag, pursued by a brace of bears, across a bottomless chasm thirty feet wide, the foremost bear tumbling in its headlong clumsiness down the abyss, will be a rare gratification to lads who can sympathise with the desperate agility of the nobler animal; but we should hope they will also feel some compassion for the bereaved cow-walrus slaughtered in defence of her calf, by Lord David Kennedy and Mr. Lamont, on an iceberg near Spitzbergen. And if any very wicked boy is capable of so outraging the ties of natural fellowship as to inflict wanton torture on his four-footed comrade, we sentence him to a dreadful nightmare after sitting up to read (in Routledge's "Annual") a story which, to innocent boys like ourselves, is only laughable and diverting,—"The Ghost of Bob Bowser's Dog." Here we must leave the boys and their books, with our sincere wishes that they may spend a merry Christmas together. Our old friend, "The Boy's Country Book," by William Howitt, recalling some fond associations of nearly a century ago, deserves not only much praise for itself, but personal recognition from the fathers of many of this generation of boys. Yet, though we are glad to see it reprinted, it reminds us of the inevitable change that must be wrought by time, in the views and hopes of the confident boy. He is to learn—it is his life's chief lesson,—that he cannot be or do all that he has wished. We have observed that, amid the tasks and pastimes of earliest youth, the mirage of ideal accomplishments in manhood lures him on. The sort of figure he would make in life is that which ancient poetry and chivalry, those day-dreams of an infant world, have delighted to honour. But the age of mere positivism arrives for each and all. His nature is subdued into mechanical obedience to the law of its social working. The would-be demigod and hero,—the conquering warrior, the bold sailor, the huntsman, the traveller, the

shifty emigrant that was to have reached the ends of the earth,—subsides into the cockney content with the daily alternation from his suburban lodging to his desk.

So much of books for boys. As much more might be said of the books for babies; but we fear that our bigger readers would bear with it no longer; and some day we may have a special article on the moral mysteries of the baby mind. Yet we must notice,\* in the mean time, a couple of the most charming contributions to the peculiar literature of the little folk. The first of them is a poetical and pictorial primer, by the offer of which the puniest *homo trium literarum*, who has got no farther than his A B C, will be suddenly inspired with a love of scholarship and the liberal arts. The august patronage of the Princess Beatrice has been invoked for this pretty publication; yet as there is no royal road to learning, we should as soon ask for it the approbation of little Biddy or Betsy, laying its expansive pages on the table of her mother's knee; for the tastes and likings of guileless infancy are independent of social rank, and this gift-book, splendidly printed and engraved, will to the children of gentility be no less acceptable, because it comes from the office of *The British Workman*, which is also that of *The Children's Friend*. A for Apples, looking so round and luscious that one is tempted to pluck and eat them off the page; B for Bible, which a good Boy is reading, to the edification of a Butterfly and a Bee; C for a Child, and D for her Doll,—but we must leave the small students to turn over each large-lettered leaf for themselves, while they listen to the metrical catalogue of suggestive substantives appended to each initial, to be recited, until they can spell it out alone, by some kind teacher's lips. *Paulo majora canamus*. For boys who, growing in grace and stature, have just attained the masculine dignity of that nether garment which, however inexpressible, is absolutely indispensable on this side of the Tweed, we propose a still richer diversion when we hail the advent of "Little Breeches." But what does Mr. Bennett mean by inviting "dear Harriet and Polly" to join their brothers in the delightful perusal of a volume with such a shocking title as this, which the prudery of our grandmothers would have banished for ever from feminine ears? It need scarcely be said, however, that for all the children, breeched or unbreeched, or petticoated, of this generation, whose wiser parents will detect no indelicacy in the harmless name of a necessary piece of clothing, "Little Breeches," is a wholly unobjectionable, as well as a very amusing book. Each of its engraved pages tells a story, like the fables of Andersen or Grimm, set forth in a series of dramatic scenes, which prove Mr. Bennett's genius as a humourist, and his skill in drawing the grotesque.

#### THE GANGES AND THE SEINE.†

An author should endeavour to be sure of his ground before he publishes a work, wholly or in part composed of articles which have already appeared in the pages of a periodical. On their first appearance, these articles may have been so remarkable as to have tended much to the sale and popularity of the journal or magazine through which they saw the light. On the other hand, they may have merely passed muster in the midst of their equals or superiors, and their circulation may have been wholly due to the popularity of the periodical in which they have been published. It may be a fatal mistake for an author to place himself in the former of these categories, and to venture on a solitary voyage, in virtue of the prosperity which attended his first trip, when other more popular passengers accompanied him. Without going the whole length of saying that this is exactly what has happened to Mr. Sidney Blanchard, we cannot help suspecting that it would have been wiser in him to rest satisfied with the success achieved by his papers, in company with others, in the pages of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Mr. Blanchard, however, is not of our opinion. Pleased with the apparent success of his articles, he now ventures to launch them on their own account, adding some chapters on Indian and miscellaneous topics, and to the whole cargo he affixes the grand and sonorous title, "The Ganges and the Seine!" What ideas are here presented to the mind! A master of pulpit-eloquence, among other exhortations to young divines, advises them carefully to avoid grand texts of Holy Scripture as the subjects of their discourses. Far better, he says, to choose some modest text, and found on it a powerful sermon, than dazzle your hearers by the magnificence of your text, and add a comment which is sure to disappoint. Mr. Blanchard's text seems to us, we own, far too grand for his discourse. "The Ganges and the Seine!" It needs at least the eloquence of a Macaulay to preach a sermon worthy of such a text.

The first volume, and above a third of the second, are devoted to the banks of the Ganges. We have first a lively sketch of Akbar Khan, better known to Europeans by the name of Agra. Here, among other curiosities, is the costly monument raised by the Emperor Shah Jehan to his fair Empress, "the greatest tribute Power ever paid to Love." By the side of the tomb may be seen an inscription by the famous poet, Shah Bodeen:—

"This wonderful building is like those in the time of Bulkeese;‡

The resting-place of the Empress,  
Its splendour like the Garden of Eden,  
Its perfumes like those in Paradise;  
In its courts frankincense grows,  
And the fairies keep them clean with their eye-lashes,  
Its doorways and walls are all covered with gems,  
Shining like pearls and jewels.

If in this place any should pray,  
God will quickly grant his prayer.  
Like the winds which come here empty,  
And go away loaded with perfume.

No flower here blooms except in solitude;  
And when the rain of blessing falls,  
Anyone entering these doors  
Is like one whose sins are forgiven;  
When the buds wish to burst forth,  
The winds never harm them,  
They are as gentle as if they hid in the buds themselves."

\* The Mother's Picture Alphabet; dedicated by Her Majesty's permission to the Princess Beatrice. Designed by Henry Anelay. Engraved by James Johnston. Office of *The Children's Friend*, Paternoster-row.  
† The Stories that Little Breeches told, and the Pictures which Charles Bennett drew for them. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.  
‡ The Ganges and the Seine: Scenes on the Banks of Both. By Sidney Laman Blanchard. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

† Queen of Sheba.

Under the titles "Provincial Life in India," "The Road in India," "British Settlement in India," and "The Simpkins in India," we have several lively accounts of what goes on amongst our countrymen in the East. To our minds, however, the same ground has been gone over in a more piquant manner in some of Mr. Lang's volumes, and in Mr. Russell's Diary. The dearth of news and the consequent *ennui* at some of the stations are well represented.

"An ensign, having nothing to say during a visit of ceremony, is recorded to have wished that somebody was dead, in order that he might be able to communicate the fact to the lady of the house. I have never gone to this sanguinary extent in my pursuit of topics; but I think, if I put my conscience under cross-examination, I should be obliged to own that I might not have felt much grieved, under the circumstances, at hearing that the brigadier had been thrown from his horse and broken his arm, or that the judge's wife had run away with a gentleman singularly unlike the judge, provided that it had been my fortune to get the first news of these unhappy events. Supposing, then, that nothing is going wrong worth talking about in the station . . . the ignorance of 'people at home' upon matters in India, is always a splendid topic to fall back upon. The last mail is sure to supply an illustration. Mrs. Chutney, for instance, upon the first symptoms of a lull in the conversation, will perhaps tell you a capital story of the kind, as she did to me last year, and it was to this effect:—An officer in the Punjab made a sketch of a scene in that province, and sent it for publication to an illustrated journal in London. . . . The Punjab . . . is a singularly open country, where large trees 'are conspicuous by their absence,' and where most of the outward characteristics of an eastern clime are found wanting. His sketch was pronounced by the acutest critics of the mess to be 'very ugly and very like' . . . It was duly despatched . . . three months afterwards the outward Indian mail bore in its bosom . . . a copy of the \* \* (no earthly power shall induce me to give up the name), addressed to the officer in question. The paper was eagerly opened, and in its middle, in the most conspicuous position, appeared the sketch. The sketch, but so 'transmogrified,' to use the artist's own expression, as to be scarcely recognizable even by its parent. It was all palm-trees. In the foreground they stood out in rich masses . . . In the extreme distance they might be seen growing out of the edge of the horizon, and sharply out against the clear sky. Palm-trees, in fact, pervaded the picture. It was all palm-trees . . . and I need scarcely add that not a single palm-tree had appeared in the original sketch. The artist was in what his friends called a 'beastly rage' . . . and despatched a vigorous remonstrance to the 'publisher or editor, or whatever you call the rascal,' by the next mail. Something like another three months rolled on, when out came a rejoinder. The 'publisher or editor, or whatever you call the rascal,' was very sorry; the sketch was a very welcome one, and in case the artist should care about remuneration, he enclosed a cheque for a not unhandsome amount; but it had been found necessary to make some additions to it, as the fact was the public would not have any Eastern scenes without palm-trees. The public demanded palm-trees, and would have them. It was of no use being truthful if nobody believed you, and so palm-trees must be put in even at the sacrifice of truth."

Articles sent home from India are not the only ones respecting which editors take liberties, and presume on the credulity of the public. Many an author nearer home has to mourn over the addition of palm-trees to scenes which he had laboured to make simple; while a still larger number have to lament the ruthless cutting down of palms which they had planted, as they hoped, for the repose and admiration of the public.

"The Simpkins in India" is a long story, occupying above a hundred pages, of a very common-place family, whose chief, Mr. Peter Simpkin, having realized about £26,000 in the wine-trade in Crutched-friars, determines, at the suggestion of a billiard-acquaintance of his son, Mr. Clarence Simpkin, on seeking further "to increase his store" on the banks of the Ganges. This not very exciting narration is given in a series of letters, of which we think far the most amusing are those of Miss Mary Ann Patten, the lady's maid. Writing to her lover, "Mr. John Waitman Exquiere, Futman, at Mrs. McKaws, Finsbury Square," she thus expresses herself:—

"Ho! John, this Calcutta, of all the places I ever see, do beat them all. . . . There is only I made here Bside myself, which is married to a young man in the Valiantears Guards, and is almost a Lady herself, seeing they are all gentlemen in that Phors, xcep a few Snobz. Me and she has our meles to ourselves quite grand, with a survint to wate upon us (a Black man with a long Bird) and one bottle of Bear regular. . . . The shoppis is all privit houses, and so is the Churches outside, xcep one or 2, such as the New Kithedral, a most butife building like Pankridge's. But ho! Jon, if you see the lining drapers and the dentisties a riding and a driving as if they was the lauds of the land, and the blak futmen, without enny calves a sitting on the baks of their koches, or a running along, I'm sewer you ud go into a phitt. Don't forget, Jon, to send me the Penny Pullpit, for there is no clurjiman here likd Mr. Sturgeon." . . .

With these extracts from Miss Mary Ann Patten's letters, and they are enough, we must take our leave of the "Simpkins in India" and of "the Ganges," and accompany our author to "the Seine." To this portion of his text the author devotes one hundred and ten short pages, and he therefore evidently does not expect us to remain long with him amidst the scenes which he describes so briefly. We are introduced to Paris in the following manner:—

"The visitor to Paris who has only seen the lions has seen nothing. . . . Let him who would gain a knowledge of national characteristics, seek it—not in the English hotels—not even at the 'best houses' in private society; for in the first he will find himself in a translated Piccadilly; and in the second, as among the better classes of all European nations, he will observe no very perceptible difference of manners and customs. . . . Let the student of character betake himself, then, to the haunts of the 'common people,' with whom, if it be in the Quartier Latin, the students are usually associated."

In the first part of this sentence we heartily agree with Mr. Blanchard. We know nothing more stupid or unmeaning than the habits of some of our countrymen abroad,—a class whom Mr. Albert Smith, in perhaps the happier part of his performance, used so well to personate. A fortnight in this capital, and in that, spent with two or three English fellows, "and all so very jolly." Mr. Blanchard has done far better than these; but when he goes on to warn visitors to Paris against "the 'best houses' in private society," we confess that we are wholly at issue with him. Many will perhaps agree with the author and not with us. We cannot, however, conceive why an English gentleman, who generally knows but little of the habits of the lower orders of his own country, is, on arriving in a foreign land, to go among the lower

orders for a knowledge of "national characteristics." Why not go, if he can, among persons of his own class? We do not at all believe in the sameness of mind which, according to the author, pervades the higher classes of each country. We hold, on the contrary, that an English lady and gentleman of the highest order, and a French lady and gentleman of the same, are essentially different beings: different not only in language,—a difficulty which may be got over, though, if we are to judge from the manner in which many high in life among ourselves speak French, a difficulty not so easily got over as some suppose,—but different in tastes, habits, religion, interests, and associations. We are quite sure that a really select party among the *ancienne noblesse* in the Quartier St. Germain differs quite as much, if not far more, from one in Grosvenor-square, than do the habits of the lower orders in Paris from those of the same rank in London. To our minds, therefore, any one who was fortunate enough to obtain admission into really good Parisian society, who could describe, and well describe, a *réunion* in one of the best *salons* of the metropolis; who could thoroughly understand and faithfully report what passed, the brilliant flashes of wit, the graceful strokes of elevated and not ill-natured satire, would do far more for our instruction and amusement than our author does in his description of "A Ball at the Barriers," in his "Thirty Days of Pleasure," in his "Dining with the Million," or in his account of some low suburban Vauxhall, where the director makes the following announcement in his "bill of fare":—"Everybody to appear in decent but appropriate attire; but an exception to this arrangement is made in the case of fathers of families."

"So, again, when our author introduces us to "Student Life in Paris," and to "The True Bohemians of Paris, a tribe of unfortunate artists of all kinds—poets, painters, musicians, and dramatists—who haunt obscure *cafés* in all parts of Paris," he does far better than our friends Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and brings many interesting details before his readers. But let any one take up the "Souvenirs de Soixante Années," recently published by M. Delécluze, and read his brilliant descriptions of the literary scenes in which he passed his life, and we think he will agree with us that, had Mr. Blanchard the opportunity, he might have introduced us to scenes far more amusing and instructive than those he has chosen to describe.

Grand as is the title, "The Ganges and the Seine," it is, in one sense, incomplete. "Father Thames" might have been added to the list, inasmuch as, in "Munchausen Modernized," "The Autobiography of a Bad Shilling," and "A Genteel Establishment," our author transfers us to his banks. The story of a bad shilling takes us into the lowest depths of London society, a field in which at least one writer of the day, in our judgment, far surpasses our author, and, in doing so, panders more powerfully to a morbid and unsound literary appetite. "A Genteel Establishment" is the story of an English family in the country, in which the only attempt to amuse the reader is the account of a ubiquitous domestic who, by a series of metamorphoses of manner and costume, which would have baffled Charles Matthews, contrived successfully to act as the butler, footman, coachman, gardener, and gamekeeper of the establishment.

In "Munchausen Modernized" we are presented with a series of amusing blunders committed by no less a personage than M. Texier, who certainly ought to have known better, during a visit to the banks of the Thames. M. Texier's blunders are certainly most whimsical. He does not seem, any more than our author at Paris, to have had the *entrée* into good society. "At Vauxhall," he says, "they hold masked balls. The entrance costs three shillings, but the real profit is in the sale of false noses. . . . When a foreigner, ignorant of the tricks of English trade, presents himself . . . it is explained to him that it is impossible to enter . . . with the face uncovered, and he is offered a false nose. . . . When once the false nose is paid for he is perfectly at liberty to put it in his pocket. . . . The false nose is the passport to Vauxhall." M. Texier's ideas of the habits of the upper orders are equally just, and quite as amusing. He deplores their want of taste, but "allows that if they do not produce articles of art, like the French, at any rate they purchase them." He describes the Duke of Northumberland as possessing "one of the richest collections of pictures in Europe. However, as the price of works of art, whatever their merit, is limited, the intelligent millionaire, in desperation at not being able to find in the universe a picture worth one or two millions, has taken the heroic course of placing in his saloon—magnificently framed, and in the place of honour in the midst of the works of the masters—a bank-note for one hundred thousand pounds. Oh, Molière!" Our author may well add, "Oh, Munchausen!" With one more allusion to our customs, we must conclude:—"The gentlemen and trading classes both wear black coats; the coat, when it is shabby, becomes, for the consideration of a few shillings, the property of the working-man, who wears it on Sundays; when this second-hand (*seconde main*) fragment is completely worn out, the possessor sells it again to a beggar. The last, having worn the garment to rags, sells it in his turn to a broker, who sends it immediately to Ireland, where it is sold for a few pence to the poor." M. Texier has evidently heard, at second-hand, the observation of Dean Swift, who said that he never could make out what became of the cast-off clothes of the London beggars till he went to Dublin.

#### "NORMANTON," AND "THE OLD, OLD STORY."\*

As the lamb, frisking through the meadows, is bright, lively, and poetic, compared with the three-year old sheep, dozing in the dullness of its maturity, so is the novellette generally fresh and attractive by the side of the three-volumed novel, fully developed, but too often painfully distended. Many an originally graceful story has had the beauty of its proportions utterly destroyed by the stretching to which it has been subjected at the command of some Procrustes of a publisher, the charm of its outline vanishing as it spreads as the clear-cut features of a fair Circassian grow coarse and heavy while she is being fattened for the Turkish market. Unfortunately, the ground of romance is one on which the interests of the trade clash with those of the public, and the artistic predilections of readers and writers have to give way to the interested prejudices of publishers. Still there are a few strong-minded

\* Normanton. By A. J. Barrowcliffe, Author of "Amberhill," "Trust for Trust," &c. Smith & Elder.

The Old, Old Story, Love. By Berkeley Aikin, Author of "Anne Sherwood," "The Dean," &c. Saunders & Oley.

authors who object to their works being valued according to their weight, and who refuse to break the thread of their narrative into three distinct filaments, and they meet with their reward. The books now before us would both have suffered greatly if they had been expanded. There is a charm about "Normanton," which might have disappeared during the process, and the author of "The Old, Old Story" would not have been able to plead the time-honoured excuse for the offspring of his imagination, that it was only a little one. Each of the stories is contained in one volume, but they have not many other points of resemblance. It is true that in neither does the interest depend upon the complications of an intricate plot, nor are the events which are related in either likely to have occurred. But the effects which they severally produce differ widely from each other. The reader of "Normanton" will lay down the book with regret at losing sight of the pictures of quiet English scenery which it brings vividly before his eyes, and at parting from the sweet young English maiden for whose charming figure those landscapes form a fitting background; but he who has plodded to the end of "The Old, Old Story," will throw it aside with a sense of relief at having achieved a wearisome task. After finishing the one we are grateful to the author for having written it; but on closing the other, we feel that the author ought to be grateful to us for having read it.

The author, who writes under the name of "A. J. Barrowcliffe," has many of the qualifications necessary for success in fiction. He is able to breathe life into the creatures of his imagination, so that they perform his bidding naturally, and do not require the visible presence of his guiding hand. He has a thorough sympathy with nature, and is able to avail himself of her varied moods, so as to enhance with her smiles the brightness of his story, or to add by her frowns to the sombreness of its gloomier scenes. And he has a keen insight into the complex machinery of the human mind, and is skilled in tracing those subtle connections between thought and action which often remain unnoticed by the actual doer of a deed. Moreover, he possesses no small share of humour, and is, therefore, in no danger of becoming tedious, even when in a didactic mood. In the present instance he is a little weak in his heroes, but the heroine, always a far more important character, is as sweet a creature as the most enthusiastic novel-reader could desire.

Normanton is a quiet white village, embosomed in rich orchards, and surrounded "by meadows, where the cattle are ever grazing, and the boats go slowly behind the willows, between the reedy banks of an old canal." A little apart stands Lynns Mill, a quaint old building, overshadowed by many an ancient tree, and lighted up by glowing breadths of flowers. A peaceful spot, in which "it seemed always afternoon," and where, "looking down from these wooded hills, over the thick plantations, the sloping corn-fields, and the wide green plain; listening to the pastoral sounds, breathing the freshness, smelling the fragrance, dazed by the sunshine, you dream of a perfect peace and a perpetual cheerfulness. The old proverbs slip away; the glory of the world abides; it is not wisdom that warms you; it is not prophecy that inspires you; but at least it is happiness." Little ever seems to alter in the white cottages which gleam among those leafy shades. The very names seldom change, and most of the inhabitants appear to be members of one family, so many Woodthorpes are there in the village. Some are labourers, some keep shops, others are farmers. George Woodthorpe is the owner of Lynns Mill, and the rich old miser who lies dying in the lonely house by the wayside is a Jabez Woodthorpe. Besides these, there is young Mark Woodthorpe, who has been at Cambridge, and is in love with his pretty cousin Lilla, the heiress of Lynns Mill, and a variety of other less important members of the family. The story commences with Mark's return to the village one 31st of July, and terminates with the following 4th of August. Those five days suffice to determine the fate of most of the characters in the book, the chief of whom are Mark and Lilla Woodthorpe, and her second admirer, Hugh Hastings, the representative of another branch of the family.

Mark is upright and generous, but insufferably proud and absurdly self-sacrificing. Hugh is conceited and selfish, "thinking always that he could do whatever he pleased with himself under all circumstances; or that, if that failed him, he could, at any rate, make other people do whatever became necessary to his own ease and comfort." And so he takes an unfair advantage of his rival's scrupulousness, and induces him to promise that he will keep out of Lilla's way until she has given an answer to Hugh's proposal of marriage. Having possession of the field, Hugh does all he can to win the girl's affections, and as old Jabez, the miser, dies just at the right time, and leaves him a large fortune, his suit is backed by the wishes of her father and all her other relations. Meanwhile, poor Mark, besides offending Lilla by his unaccountable absence, has contrived to compromise his character by performing two deeds of kindness. In an attempt to save a bold, bad boy from the consequences attendant upon a breach of the game laws, he lays himself open to a charge of poaching, and incurs the wrath of the local grandees; but he is still more unfortunate in his next adventure. He rescues a woman from the canal, in which she had attempted to drown herself, and thereby so irritates her that she accuses him of being the cause of her desperate conduct. His pride prevents him from even denying the charge, and accordingly, by the fourth of August, he is looked upon by every one with an evil eye. Lilla, who is secretly in love with him, defends him as long as she can, but is obliged to give him up when she hears he does not attempt to exculpate himself. Then, goaded by despair, and urged by her love for her father, whose fortunes depend upon her accepting Hugh, she does violence to her own feelings, and informs that wealthy but unpleasant individual that, although she does not love him, she will consent to marry him. The story seems likely to end in a very unsatisfactory manner, when suddenly the tide turns in Mark's favour, and a number of fortunate events come rushing into existence, almost tripping each other up in their eagerness to assist him. First of all the real poacher is detected, and Mark is honourably acquitted. Next it is discovered that Hugh is the actual culprit in the affair of the girl who threw herself into the canal. Then she succeeds in poisoning herself, and her father, finding out the whole truth, takes down his gun and puts an end to Hugh's courtship and existence. Lastly, as Mark passes through the churchyard, he finds Lilla sobbing by her mother's grave, and discovers what he ought to have found out before, that she loves him; and so all goes well.

The plot is scarcely worth criticizing. It is so improbable that these events would have happened at all, and still more so within the compass of one week, that there is little occasion to dwell upon them. But setting

aside this slight drawback, the story is admirably told. The picture of King's Lynn is charming, and the portraits of its occupants are full of animation. The worthy, meek old miller, his vixenish wife, and his romantic, true-hearted daughter, are all excellently described and distinguished. Lilla is the chief attraction of the book, and we would specially call attention to a chapter styled "Fairyland," in which is described a ramble she took one moonlight night through the orchard, and which is as charming a prose poem as can well be met with. Her delight in the beauty of the varied light and shade, her rapturous enjoyment of all the sights and sounds around her, her misery at being seen by Hugh Hastings, and the dreamy pleasure which succeeded to it, when the village band commenced a serenade beneath her windows, are all so simply yet so artistically expressed, that without any regular description of her character being given, we become intimately acquainted with her at once, and she acquires that strong hold upon our sympathies, without which the most carefully-trained heroine becomes tedious.

We could say much more in praise of "Normanton," but it is necessary to turn aside to "The Old, Old Story," one which the author informs us is "destitute of the seemingly indispensable requisites of a novel." The description would have been more to the point if the adverb had been omitted. The hero, Herman Fulton, is an artist, such a one as enthusiastic poetesses dream of, very different from the real specimens of the race who fill the ranks of the Thirty-eighth Middlesex. While at Rome he paints the portrait of the Honourable May de Bonneville, and falls desperately in love with her. She talks so grandly about the nobility of genius, that he believes her to be superior to all patrician prejudices, and eminently fitted to adorn a garret. He proposes, and is accepted. But a stern parent intervenes and summons her home. She goes through the customary brain-fever, and on recovering forgets her threadbare lover, who greatly startles her one day by appearing suddenly before her like an apparition, and exclaiming, "Oh May! come to my arms with nought but your love and beauty for a dower, and we shall be happy in the midst of poverty." The lady informs him that she is going to marry some one else, and he returns home with little but despair in his heart and nothing at all in his pocket. Fortunately for him, a paragon of perfection has taken up her quarters in the same house with him. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, Margaret Grey has resigned herself to stitching and starvation, in order to support a drunken brother, who is described as a "wreck of manhood, fallen away from virtue and energy, stranded on the breakers of intemperance." Fulton is fortunate enough to rescue her from being burned to death, and to induce her brother to become a teetotaler. Her gratitude is naturally boundless, and soon turns into love, especially as she discovers that he is the unknown genius, whom she has secretly adored ever since she first saw his pictures, years before. Her influence rouses him from the apathy into which he was falling, and he paints away with such energy that the next work he sends to the Academy becomes the gem of the exhibition, and is sold for five hundred pounds to a nobleman with a romantic title. He takes Margaret to see it, and she is so pleased that "her feet are as elastic as the steps of the hours upon the sunbeams." Unfortunately he meets his old love, and the shock prostrates him in his turn with the inevitable brain-fever. Margaret nurses him through it, but just as he is recovering, her wretched brother relapses into drinking, and rushes off to America. She instantly sets sail after him, and poor deserted Fulton gives himself up to the most reckless benevolence, which results in his being immured in the Queen's Bench. There Margaret seeks him out, and begs to be allowed to marry him, whereupon

"Margaret's soul and Herman's too spoke out through their faces more eloquently than words. The shadows of the beautiful young poet and of the golden-haired girl faded away, rolled from between them like light mist, and as the two wedded souls for ever mingled in one, the dim prison walls melted away, and there arose in their place a gorgeous palace of hope and happiness, while beyond, higher and higher, showed the bright cathedral aisles of eternity."

Greater trash we have seldom read. There is an air of sickly sentimentalism about the book, which renders its dullness doubly oppressive. Uninteresting personages telling a tedious tale are bad enough in themselves, but when they are employed by a philanthropical bore to teach us a moral lesson, they become utterly intolerable. We thought we were rid of that impossible artist, whose heart is as noble as his coat is shabby; the genius who is maltreated by envious Academicians, and neglected by an undiscerning public; who paints like Praxiteles, and yet fares "like St. John in the wilderness." We thought he had been swept away with other discarded heroes, but here he is again, as inane as ever. The heroines of the tale are quite as improbable as he. Why the noble May de Bonneville was only an Honourable although her father was an Earl, we leave "Berkeley Aikin" to explain. Novelists have been recommended to keep a lawyer in their pay. They might at least keep a "Peerage" on their shelves, and by dint of diligently perusing its pages, learn to guard against betraying an utter ignorance of the noble society into which they insist on thrusting their readers. But May is probability itself compared with Margaret Grey, who is much too good, not only for human nature's daily food, but even as an occasional luxury. Indeed, a heroine whose perfection is always being insisted upon, who maintains a perpetual serenity of temper, and is never put out on any occasion, unless that of her threatened conflagration is taken into account, must become tiresome at last. Fortunately such persons, whether men or women, are not often met with in real life, and when they appear they obtain but little encouragement, as may be learnt from the moral tale of "Aristides and the Oyster-shell."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| St. Winifred's; or, the World of School. A. & C. Black.  | England under God. By the Ven. Archdeacon Evans. Smith, Elder, & Co.  |
| Analysis of Tennyson's In Memoriam. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton. Smith, Elder, & Co. | Lost among the Affghans. Being the adventures of John Campbell, related by himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. Smith, Elder & Co. |
| Life in Heaven. By the Author of "Heaven our Home." W. P. Nimmo.                                       | The Boy's Country Book. By William Howitt. Fifth edition. A. W. Bennett.  |
| Roundabout Papers. From the Cornhill Magazine. By W. M. Thackeray. Smith, Elder, & Co.                 | Urban Grandier, and other Poems. By M. E. Laudon. Saunders, Otley, & Co.  |
| Works of George Eliot. The Mill on the Floss. Fifth edition, in 1 vol. W. Blackwood & Sons.            | First Lessons in the Maori Language, with a Short Vocabulary. By Archdeacon Williams. Trübner & Co.                         |

Winifred's Wooing; a Novelette. By Georgiana Craik. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Life in Nature. By James Hinton, Author of "Man and his Dwelling-place." Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Tractatus Theologico-Politicus; a Critical Inquiry into the History, Purpose, and Authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures. By Benedict de Spinoza. Translated from the Latin, with Introduction and Notes. Trübner & Co.  
 Deaconesses; or, the Official Help of Women in Parochial Work and Charitable Institutions. By the Rev. Dr. Howson. Longmans.  
 Hand Catalogue of Postage Stamps. By Dr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S. R. Hardwicke.  
 Hodge-Podge; a Medley. By Edmund Routledge. Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.  
 The Chorale Book for England; a complete Hymn Book for Public and Private Worship. By Catherine Winkworth, W. Sterndale Bennett, and Otto Goldschmidt. Longmans.  
 The Pastor of Vliethuizen; or, Conversations about Theology. By Dr. Diest Lorgion, minister at Groningen. Translated from the Dutch. Trübner & Co.  
 The Countess Dowager; a Sequel to the Old Palace. By Julia Tilt. 1 vol. L. Booth.  
 Katherine Parr; or, the Court of Henry VIII. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.  
 The Weather Book. A Manual of Practical Meteorology. By Rear-Admiral Fitzroy. Longmans.  
 A Treatise on Insects Injurious to Vegetation. By Thaddeus W. Harris, M.D. New edition. Illustrated and edited by Professor Agassiz and C. L. Flint, Boston. Trübner & Co.

Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-9. By Henri Martin. Translated by C. Martel; with an Introduction by Isaac Butt, M.P. 2 vols. Skeet.  
 Sisterhoods in the Church of England; with Notices of some Charitable Sisterhoods in the Romish Church. By Margaret Goodman. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Tullongbo; his Journey in Search of Ogres. By Holme Lee. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 After Dark. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated edition. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Tales at the Outspan; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Southern Africa. By Captain A. W. Drayson. Saunders, Otley, and Co.  
 The Tropical World; a Popular and Scientific Account of the Natural History, Animal and Vegetable, of the Equatorial Regions. By Dr. G. Hartwig, Author of "The Sea." Longmans.  
 Principal Speeches and Addresses of the late Prince Consort; with an Introduction giving some Outline of his Character. Murray.  
 Diutiska; an Historical and Critical Survey of the Literature of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Goethe. By Gustav Solting. Trübner & Co.  
 The Handbook of Autographs; being a ready Guide to the Handwriting of Distinguished Men and Women of Every Nation. By F. G. Netherclift, fac-similist; with a Biographical Index by Richard Sims, of the British Museum. J. R. Smith.  
 The Industry, Science, and Art of the Age; or, the International Exhibition of 1862. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Lockwood & Co.  
 Pocket French Dictionary. By Leon Contaneau. Longmans.

## ART AND SCIENCE.

## RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.

Few things more excite the wonder of the ordinary observer on first visiting Rome than the mass of deposit under which the level of the ancient city lies buried. The depth varies, of course, in different localities, and in some places the debris and deposit raise the present level twenty or thirty feet above the ancient soil; while in a few elevated spots, such as at the arch of Titus, the old level has remained.

Up to a very recent date, the remains of the Temples of Antoninus and Faustina, Jupiter Tonans, Mars Ultor, with the arch of Septimius Severus, and many other buildings, remained half buried in the ground, as the Temple of Minerva does to the present day. Byron speaks of the column of Phocas as the "nameless column with the buried base;" and although extensive excavations have been made within the last two generations around these and other well-known remains, yet the vestiges of many imperial and republican buildings of great historic interest, whose exact localities are matter of doubt, lie buried under the streets and churches of modern Rome. Consequently, as, from time to time, old houses are pulled down, or as fresh researches lead to the excavation and examination of particular spots, important discoveries are made.

In 1849, while digging for a better foundation for a wall in the Vicolo delle Palme, the celebrated statue of the Athlete, the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus, now in the Nuovo Braccio of the Vatican, was discovered. In 1856, research led to the discovery of the ancient basilica of St. Alexander under a meadow, seven miles beyond the Porta Pia. In 1855, while strengthening the foundation of one of the walls of the church of St. Anastasia, to admit of its bearing the monument to the memory of the learned Cardinal Mai, they found some splendid remains of imperial, republican, and regal Rome, including what is supposed to be a part of the wall of Romulus, at an immense depth below the level of the church. In fact, not a year passes that does not add some discovery of value to our knowledge of ancient Pagan and Christian Rome. At the present moment, the excavations under the church of St. Anastasia are being energetically carried on. The Emperor Napoleon III. is prosecuting with vigour those which he has ordered in that part of the palace of the Cæsars called the Orti Farnesiani, lately bought by him from Francis II. But by far the most interesting among the latest discoveries are those made at San Clemente by the Rev. Father Mullooly, Prior of the Irish Dominicans.

Until 1857 the church of San Clemente had always been considered to be the identical church built on the remains of Clement's house. It was looked upon as the oldest existing example of a Basilica; and much importance attached to it, from the fact of the church of St. Clement having been noticed by St. Jerome and by the sainted Pontiffs, Zosimus, Leo the Great, Symmachus, and Gregory the Great. It was supposed that the church spoken of by them was no other than what we must now call, by comparison, the modern church of San Clemente. The archaeological researches of the Rev. Father Mullooly led him to doubt this. He observed that the whole of that part of Rome situate between the Coliseum and the Lateran, stands on a much higher level than it did at the time of Clement, hence the difficulty of reconciling the present position with the ancient level. His attention was, moreover, attracted by a capital built into the wall of the sacristy, close to the floor; apparently a mere fragment that had been used as building material. Examination proved it to be in its place, with its shaft standing erect and buried beneath it. Stimulated by this discovery, Father Mullooly at once commenced extensive operations. A cutting was made, the ancient pavement was reached at a depth of fourteen feet, and after the removal of an immense quantity of rubbish, earth, broken bricks and pottery, pieces of marble, and other debris, what has proved to be one of the aisles of the original church of San Clemente, mentioned by St. Jerome, was laid open.

The north wall, the first laid bare, seems to have been entirely covered with frescoes, of which, unfortunately, but small fragments remain. At the back of a kind of niche with arched top, sunk some eighteen inches at right angles into the wall, is a fresco of the Madonna with the infant Saviour on her lap. Inside the top of the niche is a head of the Saviour, beardless, like those found in the Catacombs, with a "glory" round the head, and rays in the form of a cross. On the sides of the niche is a representation of what has, with much difficulty, been made out to be the Sacrifice of Isaac. These works are all greatly damaged, and of a much ruder style of art than others found since. On the wall close to these we are just able to make out a nude figure of St. Catherine of Alexandria, standing tied to the wheel, between two executioners; at a short distance are painted, transversely, the letters K. A., and beneath them a whale. On another part of the wall we see the remains of one of those "council pictures" which were so often painted in the early churches. This fresco seems to have been about fourteen feet in length, and to have occupied the whole height of

the wall. High up in one corner are nineteen heads, all beardless, and of a somewhat uniform type of countenance, and all looking with little variation towards the same point. Facing these, in the opposite corner, are thirty-two heads, all equally intent on the centre of the picture. Behind the first group are the following words, written vertically:—"Stateram modum justum anget," alluding to a steelyard there painted. A little further on is a fresco of the Saviour, of colossal size, occupying the full height of the wall. The head and upper part of the shoulders have been lost in building the upper church. He is robed in a majestically-folded mantle; his feet are sandalled, and he is holding to his breast two books, probably the Old and New Testaments, the one being placed upon the other. These paintings seem to have been each surrounded with ornamental borders. Close to the corner of the name are the remains of a painted inscription, of which the following portion can be made out:—"Quicumque has mei nominis literas legeris, lector, dic, indigno Joanni miserere Deus." But who this John was, who thus begs the prayers of the passer by, is unknown.

Opposite these remains, seven columns, of from eleven to twelve feet in height and about eighteen inches in diameter, are, with their pedestals, standing in their places entire, at a distance of ten feet nine inches from each other. Though of great beauty taken separately, they lack uniformity, except in height and approximate diameter, and have, without doubt, originally formed part of some still older buildings, possibly temples. Two are of fluted cipollino; two of oriental granite; one of breccia, that now called *Sette Case*; another of white Grecian marble; and the seventh of verde antique, this being of marvellous beauty, with remarkable red stains, and valued alone at the sum of six thousand Roman crowns. These columns may have supported the central nave or body of the church, unless, indeed, as there seems more reason for supposing, the church was divided into a nave and four aisles.

To show the extraordinary nature and difficulty of these excavations, we may remark that they are being carried on below the modern church, which, as the works progress, has to be supported by piles and masses of woodwork, till piers can be built and arches thrown across to support it, without interfering with the progress of the discoveries. Thus, when the excavations are finished, and the works completed, the ancient church will form, as we may say, a crypt to the modern.

When the excavations have reached the west end of the nave, already described, other discoveries, equally interesting, though of a different kind, were made. It was found that even the ancient church, built, as it must have been, as early as the beginning of the fourth century, stands on the buried remains of still earlier structures; and those again upon others.

The lower part of the west wall, close to the floor, was found to be of infinitely superior workmanship to the upper. On noticing this, a vertical section was made, and a wall of the finest brickwork of imperial times was laid bare. In commencing this section downwards, a second wall was discovered, of massive blocks of travertine, running exactly parallel to the brick wall, at a distance of two feet five inches from it; consequently situate within the walls of the church, and under its floor. On removing the earth from between these walls, to a depth of ten feet, without as yet reaching the original foundation, the travertine wall, which is ascribed to the Republican period, was found to stand upon a still earlier wall, built of immense blocks of tufa, laid together without cement. Signor Ponzi, the Professor of Geology, has pronounced it to be *old Roman tufa*, and there seems every reason to believe it to be of the Kingly period, possibly part of the wall of Servius Tullius; this, however, cannot be asserted with certainty; for our topographical knowledge of this part of Rome is vague in the extreme. Yet it is certain that here we have marvellously fine specimens of walls of three distinct periods, in most interesting juxtaposition with each other. To what building the travertine and brick walls may have belonged it is difficult to conjecture; that of brick may have belonged to Clement's house, and the travertine wall, as conjectured by Father Mullooly, may have formed part of the Mint, which, it is known, was situated in this part of Rome. To find the foundations of these walls, and the extent to which they reach, further excavations will have to be made.

Following the course excavated between them for a distance of from eighty to ninety feet, and still below the level of the ancient church, the west end of the south aisle is reached.

The first portions of the wall laid bare were found to have been covered with frescoes of a similar character to those in the north aisle, and to have suffered equally from the hand of time. So far as can be made out from the fragments still existing, one seems to represent the crucifixion of St. Peter, of which nothing remains but the two feet tied to the head of the cross. In another, near the corner of the wall, is the figure, almost perfect, of a bishop in the act of baptizing by immersion, but the remainder of the subject is lost. At right angles with this are the remains of another council picture, among the figures in which we recognize the Emperor Constantine, wearing the imperial diadem. Further on, with nothing left around it but the bare wall, is a face of great loveliness, possibly representing St. John the Evangelist. These, and a few other fragments, are all that remain to us of frescoes which evidently covered the walls from end to end, and from floor to ceiling. The flooring of this aisle has likewise been exceedingly beautiful, having been formed of diamonds and squares of porphyry, and marbles of various colours, with borders of alternate lines of white and serpentine.

A similar row of columns to those in the north aisle was next discovered, and here Father Mullooly's exertions were rewarded by the discovery of two large frescoes in wonderful preservation, the colours being almost as fresh and brilliant as if laid on yesterday. The line of columns is interrupted by a pier of quadrilateral form, about 9 feet 6 inches in width, and 3 feet in thickness, built round one of the columns; and the column still remains imbedded in the centre, a small opening having been made at the foot of the pier, and the base of the column found. Beyond this pier are two more columns, and then comes a second pier; both piers having evidently been built to decorate the central nave of the church, with the frescoes discovered upon them, which are, without doubt, the most perfect and interesting discoveries of the kind ever made in Rome, not only for their fine preservation, and their beauty of execution, but for the additional light they throw upon the state of art at the early period to which they belong.

The first pier was discovered in the month of October of last year. The fresco upon it, which entirely covers the side towards the central nave, is divided horizontally into three compartments or pictures, of which only the highest one has received any injury, the upper half of the figures having been destroyed at the time the upper church was built; but the names inscribed at the feet of each figure enable us to understand the subject. It represents the installation of St. Clement as Pontiff, with St. Peter and Linus on his right and Cletus on his left, also two other figures in priests' vestments without names, and two soldiers in Roman military costume. The grand central compartment, which is in perfect preservation, represents the interior of a church supported on columns, illuminated by seven lamps, typical of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the centre

lamp being much larger than the others, circular in form, and containing seven smaller ones; this was called the "Pharos cum Coronâ," or lighthouse, with a crown, and, as Anastasius tells us, was used in the early Christian churches. In the centre of the picture, on a slightly raised dais, stands St. Clement in pontifical robes, according to the fashion of the period, with the nimbus round his head, officiating at the altar, which stands on his left, covered with a simple cloth. Upon it is the cup and paten, and a book open, on one page of which are the words DOMINUS VOBISCUM, and on the other PAX DOMINI SIT SEMPER VOBISCUM, which words, it may be supposed, he is saying as he stands facing the spectator with arms extended, evidently dismissing the congregation. On his right are two assistant bishops bearing their croziers, a deacon, and an acolyte bearing incense. On his left, and separated from him by the altar, stand the congregation. Foremost among them is a female figure of remarkable elegance, at whose feet is the name THEODORA. Next to her, in the act of being led away by an attendant, is a blind man of noble birth, judging from his dress, named SISINIUS. These names add no little to the interest of the subject of the picture, when we remember that in the life of St. Clement mention is made of a certain Sisinius and his wife Theodora, of the household of Nerva, having been converted to Christianity by him:—"Hos inter Sisinius, necnon uxor ejus Theodora, atque alii Nervæ Imperatoris familiares Christo nomen dederunt." This short record is all we know of them. In front of the group of ecclesiastics on St. Clement's right are two figures, a man and woman; the painter, whose votive offering this picture was, and his wife. They are of smaller size than the other figures, and evidently intended to be supplementary to the composition, rather than forming part of it. They carry lighted tapers and oblations in their hands; at the feet of the man we find the name BENE, while along the bottom of the picture, and separating it from the compartment below, runs the following inscription, in one line:—

EGO BENO DERAPIZA CU MARIA UXOR MEA P. AMORE DI ET BEATI CLEMENTIS.

And following this vertically down the side, P. GRAT. F. C., which we may interpret to mean, *pro gratiâ faciendum curavi*. Of this Beno, or Benone de Rapiza, who, in gratitude to St. Clement, ornamented his Basilica with this fine work, or of the exact date at which he lived, we have no record.

Below this inscription runs an ornamental scroll of great beauty.

The lower compartment, a picture, seems to represent the progress of some building. A dignified figure, designated by name SISINIUS, in Roman dress, his toga fastened with a fibula on the right shoulder, stands, with outstretched arm, directing the operations of three workmen, or possibly slaves, occupied in dragging or raising a column. Two of them are hauling at a rope at one end, while the third is helping with a lever at the other. Various sentences, which are partly the orders of the directing personage or architect, and partly the objections of the workmen to each other, are interpolated between the figures. These sentences have given rise to much discussion, not only on account of their being for the most part in a kind of bastard Italian, but also from the grossness of the language employed, particularly by the architect, who apostrophizes the workmen in words that are far from complimentary, and not fitted to appear on the walls of so sacred an edifice,—

FILI DELE PUTE TRAITÉ.

At the side of the workmen with the lever is written,—

FALITE DERETO COLO PALO CARVONCELLO;

and near the others are the sentences—

TRAHI. ALBERTEL  
DURITIAM CORDIS  
SAXA TRAHERE MERUISTI.

From the similarity of the three first of these sentences to the Italian language some seek to attribute these frescoes to a much later period than the other evidence justifies. What this lower picture is intended to represent, whether the building of the Basilica, as some think, or the exile of St. Clement at Pontus, where he was condemned, by order of Trajan, to work in the marble quarries, as is supposed by others, it may not be easy to decide.

The next series of frescoes is on the side of the same pier. It is also divided into three compartments. The upper contains a representation of St. Antoninus, dressed in sacerdotal habit; but the head has been destroyed in building the upper church. Which of the various martyrs of that name is here depicted, it is difficult to decide, beyond the supposition that being placed in such close neighbourhood to the three first occupants of the chair of Peter, it must be St. Antoninus, who was martyred in the reign of the Emperor Domitian. In the centre compartment is represented the prophet Daniel, dressed in the Roman toga and chlamys, but bearing the ephod on his breast. He stands erect, in the act of prayer, his hands joined together on his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven, while two lions humbly lick his feet. The lowest compartment on this side shows a den containing a group of five lions, four of which, with open mouths and ferocious aspect, are in the act of springing upwards, and form an admirable contrast to the serenity of the prophet above.

After the discovery of these frescoes, the works were carried on till August last, when the second pier was found, richly ornamented in a like manner with frescoes in no less perfect preservation.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "WHOSE IS MR. WHITWORTH'S GUN?"

To the Editor of the "London Review."

SIR,—Although the disadvantage of contending with an editor in his own paper is obvious, we make a reply to your article of last week, which shall be brief, and must, as far as we are concerned, end the discussion forced upon us.

Your article makes against us the charges of "shirking" and misrepresenting the question, charges which, as we shall show, are wholly unjustifiable.

With regard to the first, it is apparently founded on the fact that we did not set out at length the letters that passed between Mr. Anderson and ourselves, relative to the construction of Mr. Whitworth's 7-inch gun. In the first place we did not conceive it to be proper to set out official letters, sent to us by the superintendent of the Royal gun factories; and, secondly, we thought it better to state, shortly and correctly, what were the real facts as they appear by the letters. The correctness of our statement is in no way impeached by the observations made upon it in your article. The facts, as stated by us, were these, that Mr. Whitworth supplied the original drawings; that subsequently, on receiving Mr. Anderson's suggestions, Mr. Whitworth's partner, Mr. Hulse, went to Wool-

wich, and conferred with Mr. Anderson upon them (a very significant fact, wholly omitted from consideration in your article); and that afterwards the modified drawings were sent from Woolwich to Mr. Whitworth, who eventually approved of and signed them. We recognized our obligations to Mr. Anderson for his suggestions, and fairly and fully stated what occurred. Moreover, the credit due to Sir W. Armstrong for practically carrying out the system of making guns, which he had adopted, was also fully acknowledged by us; we therefore leave it to your readers to judge how far the facile employment in your editorial article of such hard terms as "disingenuous," "shirking," "repudiation of obligation," &c., can be justified.

With regard to the charge of misrepresentation, it is we who have cause to complain, for your article wrongly represents us as assailing the claims of others, whereas we are only defending ourselves from the charge of "plagiarising" the invention of Sir W. Armstrong, by using welded coiled hoops in the construction of the Whitworth gun.

In order to show that there is no foundation whatever for that charge we were obliged to refer to what was the state of public knowledge upon the subject. In so doing we ought not to be held to detract from the merit of any claim that can be properly put forward on behalf of Sir W. Armstrong, and we again state distinctly that any such antagonism is not of our seeking, though it is so persistently forced upon us.

We beg leave to take exception to your judgment, that in none of the instances of prior use referred to by us is "there any trace of the coil system to be found." A cursory consideration of the instances cited will show that your arguments must yield to the inexorable logic of fact. We referred, among others, to the method of Mr. George Richards, who in 1808 (Blue-book Specification, July 30th, 1808, page 2, line 8), thus described his mode of construction:—"I make cannon, artillery, ordnance of all sorts and of all calibres . . . of twisted scalp, bars, or plates of wrought-iron welded, . . . to be made with common plain bores, or to be rifled, . . . loaded either at the breech or muzzle." Page 3, line 12: "I also make all kinds of balls or shots for rifle cannon of cast-iron, coated with pure tin, and iron, with a proper quantity of lead to suit the chambers of the different pieces, according to their calibre, and to give way to the pressure of the rifles."

It cannot be contended that this description, which not only relates to rifled ordnance, muzzle-loading, and breech-loading, but to lead-coated projectiles to be used with them, amounts to a mere "vague" proposition, as stated in your article. To every one who is willing to give full effect to plain words the description is very easily intelligible.

Again, Mr. Charles Cowper (Blue-book Specification, Nov. 24, 1849, No. 12,861) describes, p. 5, line 17, his "improvement applicable to the manufacture of wrought iron cannons and other purposes, which consists in surrounding a central mass or faggot with bars of a trapezoidal section laid round it in the form of a helix or screw, and welding the mass or faggot." Page 11, line 30, he says,— "I do not claim the manufacture of twisted wrought-iron ordnance generally, it having been already proposed to make twisted cannons by welding up a hollow helix by blows directed on the end." This sentence is important, as bearing on the very narrow distinction attempted to be drawn in your article between the old coil system and that which it claims for Sir W. Armstrong as his invention.

With reference to Mr. Aspinwall's process of 1844, to which we referred in our former communication, we, in order to curtail our letter, already too long, gave in one line a very short *resumé* of the modes of manufacture described by him in pp. 12, 13, 17 (Blue-book specification, January 16, 1844, No. 10,013).

No one could suppose that it was intended to "quote" the contents of three pages in a single line, though, by a clerical error, the line was in fact inserted between inverted commas. It was hardly fair to attribute intention to mislead in the case of a manifest clerical error, which could not have really misled any one, as the pages referred to were given, and would at once enable the *resumé* to be compared with the full description. Mr. Aspinwall, at p. 12, describes one mode of making his rings by winding a bar of iron or steel upon itself, as your article said, "like a sheet of paper," and welding it. At p. 17, he describes another method of making rings, by winding a bar upon itself into a spiral form, and welding "the contiguous parts of the spiral." At p. 20, line 3, Mr. Aspinwall claimed "the manufacture of cannon, of whatever form or size, made of rings or short hollow cylinders of wrought iron and steel . . . joined end to end . . . however such rings may have been made."

Bearing in mind this description of building up guns by welding short cylinders or rings end to end by screw-pressure, however the cylinders or rings may have been made, and the observation of Mr. Cowper, in 1849, that "it had already been proposed to make twisted cannon by welding up a hollow helix," we must again leave your readers to put their own interpretation on the statement made in your article, that as to the cases we referred to in our former letter "in not a single one is a trace of the coil system to be found."

With reference to the charge made against us, that we unfairly distinguished the use of a solid forging for the inner tube of Mr. Whitworth's gun, as being contrary to Sir W. Armstrong's principle, we must remind you that Sir William himself, in his letter to the *Times*, said, "I was compelled, for a time, to make the inner tube—contrary to my principle—from a solid forging." We, therefore, had just grounds for complaining that now the use by us of a solid forging instead of a solid hammered ingot is alleged to be an appropriation of Sir W. Armstrong's invention. In reply, as we presume, to our request to be informed what *invention* of Sir W. Armstrong has been "appropriated" in the construction of Mr. Whitworth's gun, your article distinguishes between one form of Mr. Aspinwall's rings and those used by Sir William, by saying the Aspinwall ring is coiled spirally "like a sheet of paper;" the Armstrong ring, or hoop, is coiled spirally "like a rope." If the invention of Sir W. Armstrong lies, as is made to appear, in this distinction, we will base our reply to the charge of "appropriating" that *invention* on facts within our own knowledge. The hoops which were used for Mr. Whitworth's gun, made as described in his

specification (Blue-book, December 1, 1854, No. 2,525), were made identically in this way, of bars coiled spirally (or more properly helically) "like a rope" and welded. These hoops we certainly should never dream of considering to have been, in 1854 or 1855, any "invention;" we should consider them as included, being well known, in Mr. Aspinwall's general use of "such rings, however they may have been made."

If, then, Sir W. Armstrong's friends persist in claiming, under his invention of 1855, a share in Mr. Whitworth's gun of 1861-62, they cannot stop there, but must also claim Mr. Whitworth's gun of 1854 as Sir William's invention in 1855, and from such friendly but ill-advising zeal we think Sir William Armstrong would desire to be protected.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

THE MANCHESTER ORDNANCE AND RIFLE COMPANY.

28, Pall Mall, Wednesday, Dec. 10.

[THE charge we brought against the Manchester Ordnance Company was not that they suppressed a correspondence (which can hardly be considered an official one, though it was one with an officer of the Woolwich Gun Factory), but that, while they declined to publish it, they did not fairly represent its substance. The letter we publish to-day will be the best proof whether Mr. Whitworth was right in stating to the *Times* that the late gun was built "to drawing supplied by me," or whether this journal was not more correct in asserting that the drawings were supplied to Mr. Whitworth by the Woolwich Factory, signed by him, and returned without alteration. Our correspondents take no notice of our assertion, that in a letter written by them not a year ago to the Woolwich Factory, they left the whole responsibility and details of the gun to Woolwich. They again, however, allude to a visit paid about the same time by one of their firm to Mr. Anderson. The interview in question is wholly immaterial, so long as they are careful to abstain from telling us that the gentleman in question had the least claim to any share in the new drawings.]

Our readers and the readers of the *Times* will also judge whether Mr. Whitworth and his firm have been ready fairly to acknowledge their obligations to the coil system and to Sir William Armstrong. We do not care to enter into the vexed question of originality of inventions. The Attorney-General has more than once decided that the coil system belonged to the artist whose name it bears; and we must leave the personal question to the friends of the parties concerned. Our business is simply to reassert that in none of the patents quoted in our correspondents' letter is there the least trace of the Armstrong coil. Last week we pointed out that, by a grave misquotation in the patent of Mr. Aspinwall, the Ordnance Company converted the Aspinwall patent into something which bore a *prima facie* resemblance to the coil system. To-day the Ordnance Company explain that they had not meant the passage for a quotation so much as for an analysis or *résumé*. We are driven to conclude that the Ordnance Company think it a more venial offence to mis-analyze than to misquote. We do not know that we agree with them that the offence is more venial, though it is certainly less courageous.

We regret to observe a similar style of verbal reasoning in their letter of to-day. What have twisted cannon or welded up hollow helices to do, except in the eyes of a casual and unscientific reader, with an Armstrong coil? Or how can Cowper's patent, which does not refer to hollow cylinders at all, or Aspinwall's patent, which conveniently includes all of them, "however they may be made," be honestly cited as instances of prior use of the Armstrong system of construction? Finally, how is it that, in speaking of "Mr. Whitworth's gun of 1854," our correspondents cause it verbally to appear that its hoops are "made as described in his specification," of coiled bars, although there is not any sort of reference to any sort of coiling throughout the specification?

If Mr. Whitworth ever did make, previous to 1856, a gun that could in any sense be regarded as a coil gun, it is, to say the least, extraordinary that so important a fact should never till now have been revealed to us, and that the gun itself should never yet have been produced in order to establish Mr. Whitworth's claim to priority.

We doubt whether a controversy carried on in this spirit can be of service to any cause; certainly it cannot be said to do credit to the cause of science. If our readers wish to satisfy themselves still further on these points, we beg them to take the trouble to refer to the patents in question, which may be found at the Patent Office. The slightest personal examination of these will show whether or no our criticism on their substance, and on the reading of the Ordnance Company, is given with good faith and fidelity.—ED. L. R.]

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE report of the committee of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society on Suspended Animation, consisting of Dr. Williams, Dr. Brown-Sequard, and others, contains much valuable information. The experiments recorded have been made on living animals and on the dead human body. In investigating anew the subject of apnoea—the committee use this term instead of the more ordinary one of asphyxia—by means of experiments on the lower animals, it seemed expedient to observe in the first place the principal phenomena of the least complicated form, the simply depriving the animal of air. The plan adopted was to secure the animal on its back and expose the trachea by an incision in the neck; a vertical opening was made in it and a glass tube inserted, and firmly secured by a ligature. While the tube was open the animal could breathe freely; but the supply of air could be completely cut off by inserting a cork in the upper end of the tube, which was thus made air-tight. Attention was directed, during the progress of the apnoea, to the duration of the respiratory movements and to the duration of the heart's action. The experiments showed that in the dog the average duration of the respiratory movements after the animal had been deprived of air was 4 minutes 5 seconds; the average duration of the heart's action, 7 minutes 11 seconds, or 3 minutes 15 seconds after the cessation of respiration. Rabbits and cats gave similar results. The experiments show that the chances of recovery are in direct relation to time; the later the respiratory efforts are continued, the shorter the interval and the greater the chance of recovery on the admission of air. Under no circumstances did recovery occur when the heart's action, as indicated by the needle, had stopped. Other experiments lead to the conclusions that a dog may be deprived of air during a period of 3 minutes 50 seconds, and afterwards recover without artificial means; and that a dog is not likely to recover, if left to itself, after having been deprived of air during a period of 4 minutes 10 seconds—the doubtful interval of recovery and death lying between 3 minutes 50 seconds and 4 minutes 10 seconds. For some time after the closing of the tube in the trachea, the force of the respiratory efforts was so extraordinary, that it was determined to measure it. For this purpose, instead of the short straight tube, a long glass one, bent at a right angle, was inserted in the trachea, the other extremity being placed under mercury, so that the force of the respiratory efforts could be measured by the height to which the column of mercury rose. The experiments were on various sized dogs, the violent respiratory efforts throwing the mercury in the tube to a height of 4 inches. This great force was also demonstrated by plunging the head of a guinea-pig in mercury, and that of a terrier in liquid plaster of Paris. In these cases the lungs were found on examination to contain globules of mercury or portions of plaster respectively, clearly showing the enormous force with which foreign substances may be drawn into the air-passages—a point which cannot hereafter be overlooked in the treatment of accidents to the human subject.

The next series of experiments were to ascertain for what period an animal can be submerged, and yet be recovered by artificial means. It having been found that 4 minutes' drowning kills, other dogs were submerged to find the limit of time at which immersion proved fatal, the result being, that a dog lives after 1 minute's submersion, and dies after 1 minute 30 seconds. A large dog, submerged 1 minute 15 seconds, recovered. The remarkable fact, then, appeared, that, whereas, by the simple deprivation of air, the animal would recover after 4 minutes, one and a half minute's immersion in water destroyed its life. The experiments to illustrate this point showed that the shortening of the period was not due to exhaustion produced by struggling, or to depression of temperature; the difference being mainly due to the entrance of water, the effects being plainly perceptible on subsequent dissection. The entire dependence of the early fatal issue by drowning upon the patulous condition of the wind-pipe was also strikingly shown by other experiments: some of them showing, moreover, that a dog previously chloroformed may be submerged for 2 minutes 15 seconds and recovered; while 2 minutes completely killed dogs not under the influence of that anæsthetic; thus showing that the depriving the animal of the power of violent respiratory efforts increases the period under which recovery is possible. Artificial respiration was variously attempted with differing results: by interrupted pressure on the chest and ribs no result, and by Dr. Marce's apparatus (resuscitation in 1½ minutes after 4 minutes 55 seconds deprivation of air—after 2 minutes' drowning, no result). No definite conclusions, however, are drawn from these results; and the committee do not recommend the use of any particular apparatus, by reason of the efficiency of the simpler means, the loss of time in the adjustment of any apparatus, and the impracticability of having it at hand when required. Other methods of resuscitation were practised after air-apnoea, including actual cautery (no recovery); venesection (none); cold splash (some); after drowning (none); alternate hot and cold water (two recoveries); galvanism (some); puncture of diaphragm (some).

The experiments on the dead human subject were made with a view to determine the value of the various methods which had been employed for alternately compressing and expanding the cavity of the chest in such a manner as to imitate the natural movements of the thoracic walls in breathing, namely, pressure on the thorax to expel air from the chest, Dr. Marshall Hall's method, and Dr. Silvester's method. In the earliest experiments recorded, Silvester's method gave 17 cubic inches of air inspired by extending the arms, 13 expired on depressing them, Marshall Hall's, on turning the body 2½ cubic inches inspired, returning it on abdomen, 7 expired; on restoring the body to the supine posture very little interchange of air took place. Dr. Hall's method being that recommended by the Life-Boat Institution, Humane, and other societies, the apparent superiority of Dr. Silvester's method could not very well be otherwise than severely tested; and accordingly we find a very long series of experiments on a number of bodies, the ultimate result being that, by Dr. Hall's method the interchange of air, usually only a few cubic inches, never exceeded 15 inches; while by Silvester's the inspirations and expirations were from 9 to 44 cubic inches, and occasionally as high as 50 or 60,—the results obtained by successive experiments on the same body being remarkably uniform, and in this respect contrasting strongly with the irregularities in Dr. Hall's method.

In their report the Committee say, "Without expressing an opinion as to the efficacy of the method of Dr. Silvester, as a means of restoring suspended animation in cases of drowning, its claims to be considered as an effectual means of producing an exchange of air similar to that effected by the respiratory movements, appear to us to be satisfactorily established. As has already been pointed out by Dr. Silvester, the condition of the thorax after the cessation of breathing being that of respiration, it is desirable that the first step in the restoration of breathing should be a movement of expansion, both sides of the chest are left free from compression, and therefore free to move, while the postural method of Dr. Marshall Hall leaves only one side free to expand. As regards facility, and readiness of application, there is also no doubt that the method recommended by Dr. Silvester is at least equally, if not more effective, than the Marshall Hall plan."

At the Architects' Society, on Monday, Mr. Charles Fowler made a sort of funeral oration on the defunct Hungerford Market, over the site of which the terminus of what no doubt will be a more successful undertaking—the Charing Cross Railway—is now erecting. Any one might draw a pretty moral or elicit another example of a very common result, from the voluminous details given by Mr. Fowler. Hungerford Market began as a retrieving speculation, and it has ended as *derniers ressorts* usually do. The Hungerfords, of Farleigh Castle in Wiltshire, were one of the wealthy families of olden times; but the last of their race, Sir Edward, squandered his patrimony, and then, in the hope of retrieving his fortunes, obtained, in 1681, a Royal charter from that charter-giving monarch Charles the Second, to convert his metropolitan seat into a market, and on the site of the palatial Hungerford House the place of business rose. The project for its rebuilding originated with Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, in 1824; and the works, constructed at a cost of £97,000, were carried out under the direction of Mr. Fowler. But Hungerford Market the Second was not much more fortunate than Hungerford Market the First, and never did what it was intended to do—break up the monopoly of Billingsgate. Still, after paying off in full the debentures and borrowed money, 79 per cent. of their advances has been returned to the shareholders.

Mr. Fowler's communication to the architects was not the only matter of interest at their meeting. The Rev. M. Walcott presented his researches on a very attractive subject in a very attractive manner. The mouldering remnants of our old monastic houses offer many instructive themes. There are their architectural beauties to display, their historical associations to excite the imagination, the daily life of their bygone inhabitants to portray. The mind in its leisure moments delights to dwell on the things of the past; and of English monasteries none have more historical interest than that of Canterbury. Aided by numerous plans, founded chiefly on the view given of the convent in the 12th century by Eadwyn the Monk, and now preserved at Cambridge, and helping himself to all available materials in the Canterbury Obituary, the Constitutions of Archbishop Lanfranc (the architect of the buildings), the notices in the "*Anglia Sacra*," of the local labours of Somner, Gostling, and other topographers, and completing all by a personal inspection, Mr. Walcott defined the former uses of the existing remains, and determined the sites of those other portions which have been destroyed; pointing out particularly that the doorway shown by local attendants as that by which the martyr Becket passed to the church on the day of his murder was, in fact, that leading to the collage, and at the side of which the turnstile remains.

Sir Henry Rawlinson communicated to the Asiatic Society the results, up to the present time, of Mr. J. Taylor's researches in the hill-country north of ancient Assyria. A cast of a cuneiform inscription, taken from a cave on the banks of the Tigris, has already reached London, and proves to be a record of Tiglathpileser the First; another, *en route* for England, is surmised to refer to Sardanapalus. The excavations will be resumed in the spring. Professor Medlicott, of Roorkee, on the same occasion, contributed a paper "On the Nature of the Saline Efflores-

cence known as 'Reh' and 'Kullur,' and which is gradually invading many of the most fertile districts of Northern Western India, and changing them into sterile deserts. It consists chiefly of sulphate of soda, with variable proportions of common salt, and appears to be due to the gradual accumulation by the evaporation of river and canal waters of the minute quantities of those salts they contain in solution; and hence this subject forms a matter of grave consideration in connection with the extension of irrigation in India.

At the Medical Society Dr. Gibb illustrated, before a crowded meeting of the fellows, the practical application of that most extraordinary modern medical instrument—of which we shortly since gave a passing notice—the laryngoscope.

He gave a complete history of it from its first invention in England to the present state of perfection to which it has been brought by Professor Czermak, of Prague, and described the various forms of reflectors and laryngeal mirrors now used, and the kinds of light to be employed in laryngoscopy. He practically showed how an individual could demonstrate his own vocal cords before an audience, and how the back of the nostrils might be seen (Rhinoscopy).

Dr. Gibb has examined the larynx in upwards of 350 healthy patients, besides a large number of diseased, and has obtained striking and interesting results; recounting cases in which the cause being thus seen, effectual remedies had been promptly applied, and citing others in which its revelations showed that considerable injury had been done by erroneous treatment for want of its use. It was quite possible, he said, to estimate the singing powers of persons by careful examinations of the vocal cords, and many defects of speech could be readily explained by its means. The conclusion of his valuable communication was devoted to the description of a number of coloured diagrams of various conditions of disease which had come under his personal treatment. Six of these were growths within the larynx, more or less influencing the voice, and varying from hoarseness to total suppression. We understood him to say these had all been cured, two of them by the removal of the growths by a simple and painless contrivance. The other diagrams exhibited complete or partial loss of the epiglottis and other parts of the windpipe and throat, malformations, wounds, inflammation, ulceration, consumption of the throat, and other forms of throat diseases. The communication excited a very animated discussion.

A very interesting topic was introduced at the Ethnological Society, by Mr. Preiss. That gentleman, an Hungarian by birth, has travelled in North America, Mexico, California, China, and the East Indies, under the desire to become acquainted with those different countries and with their original inhabitants. For three years he has resided among the native Australians, and the purport of his paper was a suggested attempt to save the remnant of that people by turning their labour to account in districts which the white man could not, at least at present, make profitable use of. These are the places, he thinks, for the formation of aboriginal settlements, the Caucasian races becoming too enervated for laborious work in tropical climates, while the native inhabitants can labour without injury or exhaustive fatigue; and from these proposed colonies Mr. Preiss considers we should have in time a valuable labour-market, to be turned to good account as railroads and canals open up the country. If a few honest, brave, and well-principled men of colonial experience were sent out, with gardening utensils, carpenters' tools, fishing-tackle, and fire-arms, and well supplied with garden-seeds, especially maize and pumpkin, to commence the cultivation of the soil, by exchanging these at first with the blacks, to excite their appetite for vegetable food, in due season the natives would take to cultivation themselves—the more readily, as in tropical and sub-tropical climates everything grows luxuriantly with very little labour. In this way the author expresses himself satisfied, that in the course of five or six years the blacks around the stations would have been rid of their rambling propensities, and villages of contented and industrious families have sprung up. The cost of founding an experimental settlement, Mr. Preiss estimates would be under £300; and we believe he is making practical endeavours to carry out his philosophical views.

In recent gunnery experiments in Verona, Fort Wratistaw, belonging to Austria, was cannonaded first at a distance of six hundred paces and then at one thousand, the guns being charged with gun-cotton. The impulsive force of this substance was found to be 2½ times that of ordinary gunpowder.

A locomotive mail-clad battery has been constructed at Jackson, Tennessee. It is 30 feet long by 8 feet wide; the sides and ends are of 2½-inch oak plank, upon which boiler-iron is rivetted. The sides lean inwards that balls may glance; and in the centre of the car is placed a 6-inch James's rifled cannon on a rotating carriage. Its object is to protect trains against guerillas.

The *Farmers' Gazette* recently drew attention to the immense increase, in numerical numbers, of the progeny of rats. A single pair, it was asserted, would have, in three years, descendants amounting to 651,000, and which colony would consume as much food as 65,000 human beings.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

#### MONDAY.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Horace Walpole." By Shirley Brooks, Esq.

#### TUESDAY.

CHRONOLOGICAL—Hart-street, Bloomsbury, at 8 P.M.

#### WEDNESDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Air and Water" (juvenile lectures), by Professor Frankland.

### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20, 1862.

Akroyd's (Edward) Improved Dwellings for the Working Classes. With plans, 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
Aristocracy (The) of London, Titled and Untitled, professional and unprofessional, Part I.—Kensington. Crown 8vo., sewed, 2s. 6d.  
Bacon's (Lord) Essays, and Colours of Good and Evil, edited by W. Aldis Wright. Large paper, crown 8vo., 7s. 6d. cloth, 10s. 6d. half morocco.  
Bacon's Guide to American Politics. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
Baird's (Rev. John, of Yatholme) Memoirs, by W. Baird, M.D. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Ballantyne's (R.M.) Man on the Ocean, a book for boys. Illustrated, Fcap. cloth, 6s.  
Boughton Grange, and some passages in the History of its Owner. Illustrated, Fcap. cloth, 3s.  
Boys and Girls' Illustrated Gift-Book, with Coloured Illustrations. Imperial 16mo., cloth, gilt, 9s.  
Bread upon the Waters. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Brierley's (B.) Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. Part 3. Fcap., 1s., sewed.  
Brighton: The Road, the Place, and the People. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
Brooks's (W.R.) General Gazetteer, or Comprehensive Geographical Dictionary. New edition, revised by A. G. Findlay. 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Brother and Sister; or, Margaret's Trial and the Two Temptations. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Brown's (Dr. Henry) Lectures on the Laws of Health, and their Correspondence with Revealed Truth. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
Brown's (Robert) Poetical Works; Selections from. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.  
Brown's (Rev. H. P.) Aids to Pastoral Visitation. Second edition, Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Candlish's (Rev. Dr. R. S.) Contributions towards the Exposition of the Book of Genesis. 3 vols., crown 8vo., cloth, 15s.  
Child's Companion (The). Volume for 1862. 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

Christian Conquests. By A. L. O. E. Fcap., cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Colenso's (Bp.) The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua critically examined. Part I., 2nd edition, revised, 8vo., cloth, 6s.  
Common-place Philosopher (The) in Town and Country. By author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." Crown 8vo., cloth, 9s.  
Contanseau's (Léon) Pocket Dictionary of the French and English languages. 16mo., cloth, 5s.  
Cottager (The) in Town and Country. Vol. for 1862. 4to., sewed, 1s. 6d.  
Countess Kate. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Cowper's (William) Letters: a Selection from his correspondence. Fcap., cloth, 4s.  
Cumming's (Rev. John) Teach us to Pray. 3rd thousand. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Davies's (Edwin) Glimpses of our Heavenly Home; or, The Destiny of the Glorified. Fourth edition, Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Dean's New Moveable Book of Wonderful Animals. Coloured illustrations. Royal, bds., 2s.  
De Lanture's (Count) Analytic Universal Telegraphy. 8vo., sewed, 1s.  
De Pressensé's (Madame) The White House at St. Real; a Story for School Boys. Fcap. cloth, 5s.  
D'Israeli's (Benjamin) Alroy. Cheap edition, Fcap., sewed, 1s.  
Early Ballads, Illustrative of History, Traditions, and Customs. Edited by Robert Bell. Crown, cloth, 5s.  
Early Egyptian History for the Young. New edition, Fcap., cloth, 5s.  
Early Duties and Early Dangers. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Edmond's (Rev. Dr. John) The Children's Church at Home; or, Family Services for the Lord's Day. Second series. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Effe Maurice; or, What do I Love best? 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Elements of Success: a Book for Young Men. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Ellen Mason; or, Principle and Prejudice. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
English Church Union Calendar for 1863. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d. sewed; 2s. cloth.  
Engineer's, Architect's, and Contractor's Pocket-Book for 1863 (Weale). 6s., roan tuck.  
Evan's (Archdeacon) England under God. crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Fairbairn's (Rev. Dr. Patrick) Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy: an Exposition. 3rd edition, 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Family Treasury (The), Edited by Rev. A. Cameron. Vol. for 1862. Royal 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.  
Fanny Raymond; or, The Commandment with Promise. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
Fitzroy's (Admiral) The Weather-Book: a Manual of Practical Meteorology. Plates, 8vo., cloth, 15s.  
Food for Lambs: a Selection of Texts for Young Children. 16mo., cloth, 2s.  
Fowler's New Illustrated Self Instructor in Phonology, &c. Crown 8vo., sewed, 2s.  
Frank Harper; or, Beginning Life. 18mo., cloth, 1s.  
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Bishopsgate Terminus, November, 1862.

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By order, J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

London, December 1st, 1862.

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JOHN NORTON, Hon. Sec.

24, Old Bond-street, November, 1862.

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1862.

LORD ARTHUR LENNOX, in the Chair.

The Report of the Directors, made in the Spring of last  
year, appealed to the Proprietors and others interested in the  
Office, to assist the Directors in making 1861 the most success-  
ful year of the Company's operations; and, notwithstanding  
the absence of general commercial prosperity throughout the  
country, the Directors are happy to say that in many respects  
the desired result of their appeal has been realized.

This year was, however, remarkable in the experience of  
this Office, as it is believed it was in that of other similar In-  
stitutions, for the number of lapses of Assurances, especially in  
those districts where industry has been impeded by the sus-  
pension of our commercial relations with America.

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at any former period, the New Premiums amounting to  
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The point, however, on which the Directors have most  
reason to congratulate the Proprietors is, that after a very  
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of the Company, made in pursuance of the requirements of  
the Deed of Settlement, by Mr. PETER HARDY, the eminent  
Actuary, the result, as embodied in the following Report, is of  
the most satisfactory character.

"TO THE CHAIRMAN AND DIRECTORS OF THE SOVEREIGN  
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"GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to submit herewith a full  
statement of the result of the valuation, just completed, of  
the Assets and Liabilities of the Sovereign Life Assurance  
Company, up to or as of the 31st December, 1861.

"This investigation has been, on the present occasion, a  
work of considerable magnitude and labour, as the number of  
Policies actually in force exceeds 5,000, covering Assurances to  
over One Million Sterling, and embracing almost every class or  
description of Life Assurance.

"I am happy to be able to assure you that the condition of  
the Company is sound and prosperous, and holds out every  
prospect of increased success. The bonus, which the Directors  
may safely declare as the result of this valuation, is larger in  
amount, both as regards the shareholders and the assured, than  
that declared on any previous occasion; and this bonus has  
been fairly earned by the past operations of the Society, with-  
out in the smallest degree touching any portion of the future  
profits.

"The valuation has been made with the greatest care and  
exactness, and the reserve for the future is most ample for the  
purposes of safety, and quite sufficient, with care and manage-  
ment, to maintain hereafter a proportionately favourable rate  
of improvement.

"I have the honour to be,

"GENTLEMEN,

"Your very faithful servant,

(Signed)

"PETER HARDY,

"Actuary.

"April, 1862."

It may be remembered, that on the declaration of the last  
Bonus the Actuary strongly urged the propriety of postponing  
the Actual Division of Profits until the alternate triennial  
valuation; the prudence of which course, though it naturally  
occasioned disappointment in some few instances, is now appar-  
ent; and it is most gratifying to the Board, while reviewing  
the peculiar difficulties which those alone who are actively  
engaged in the business of Life Assurance know to have  
existed during the last six years, to present so favourable a  
Report, especially as it emanates from a gentleman of such  
high character and professional standing as Mr. HARDY.

Without in the smallest degree encroaching on future profits  
the addition sanctioned by this investigation will give to each  
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being three times the sum allotted on the last occasion, and  
75 per cent. of the divisible Surplus will be added to all Policy-  
holders, assured at participating rates, on the 31st December  
last, in proportion to the premiums paid since the last Division.

The Circulars, announcing the allotment to individual  
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The Directors recommend that the usual Dividend of 5 per  
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The Directors retiring are LORD ARTHUR LENNOX; T. M. B.  
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(Signed) ARTHUR LENNOX, Chairman.

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